The Fool-Killer

Monthly—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

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BILLY BONEHEAD'S LETTER

Foolville,
State ov Ignerunce,
March the fust.

Editer ov The Fool-Killer,
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Deer Mister Editer:

There aint no chance to say awl the things I wood like to say in this letter. I wood like to remind you agin what good Redemocans me and Paw is, but you proberly remember that. And I hope you ain't forgot about us havin so much prosperity. These air important things fer you to remember.

But I have sorter got a hunch that maby I had better tell you-unses about we-unses trip to Flordy. Ov koarse you dident kno that we-unses had bin to Flordy. Well, we aint. But we am a talkin about goin. We hav awl got the Flordy fever awful bad. We wuz awl tuk down with it the same nite, and we ain't no better yit. Hit happened this-away:

Maw sent Paw to the store one day to git a sack ov flower and sum hog-corpse. He got 'em, but he had to git 'em on a-credit, kaze he dident hav no munny. I I don't kno why Paw never has no munny, kaze he sez thar is plenty ov prosperity ,and I kno tha is; but Paw is allers in det and aint got no munny. If Paw had to liv on the intrust ov his munny he woodent liv long. But ef he cood liv on the intrust ov what he oze he never wood die.

I've studied a heap about this-here buyin things on a-credit. Looks to me like its a purty good thing, atter awl. Ef peepul kan buy what tha want on a-credit without munny, I dont see much use ov ever havin enny munny. Looks ter me like the credit plan is a heap cheaper.

Ov koarse the folks what sells the things on a-credit wood like to hav their pay atter awhile, but tha mostly don't git it. Leastways, tha don't git it from Paw. Hit's jist awl Paw can do to keep his credit good, without workin out munny to pay dets with. Looks like tha wood understand that keepin his credit good wuz a heap more important to Paw than gittin the dets pade, ennyhow.

Well, when Paw got home with the sow-belly, it wuz rapped up in a peece ov nuzepaper. I think it wuz the Atlanter Constipation. Atter Maw had unrapped the sow-belley I tuk the paper and sot down to reed it.

The fust thing I seen was a peece about Flordy and the big carryins-on down thar. It told in that peece about how the Northern Millyunairs wuz a flockin into Flordy and fixin to set up a new Gyarden ov Eden down thar. When I red that, Paw he spoke up and sez, sezze:

"Bleve Ile go down thar and be Adam."

Then Maw she spoke up and sez:

"Yes, and Ile go and be Eve."

Then I sez, sez I:

"Hoo'll I be?"

"You'll hav to be Cain," sez Paw and Maw both together.

"I druther be Abel," sez I.

"But you aint able," sez Paw. "I kno me and your Maw hav raised Cain lots ov times, but we aint never bin able to raise Abel. So when we go down thar to that Gyarden ov Eden you'll hav to be Cain."

"Then hoo will I kill?" sez I.

"You kan kill the snake," sez Paw, "so it wont tempt yer Maw to eat none ov them forbidden oranges."

And Maw she sez:

"That's a fine idy. We aint none ov us got nuthin to wear, nohow, and that job ov bein Adam and Even in theGyarden will jist perzackly suit us."

And so it haz been agred among us that we air to start to Flordy as soon as we kan dispoze ov our vast holdins here and git us a Limberzeen to travel in.

Ov koarse Paw and Maw will be awful bizzy jist a-bein Adam and Eve, but my Cain job wont take more than half ov my time. So I will proberly hunt up Ponzy and become his pardner in the Rale Estate bizness.

Ef we do git off, I will rite you from Flordy next time and tell you awl about our trip.

Yores trewly,
BILLY BONEHEAD.

MY RIGHTEOUS WRATH IS A-BILIN'

I'd like to always wear a grin,
An' keep right on a-smilin';
But there's so much of crime an' sin
A-floatin' 'round where I have been—
So many brutes in human skin—
My righteous wrath is abilin'.

I'd like to just be singin' songs,
With blessin's 'round me pilin';
But when I see the passin' throngs
Of proud conceits an' boastful wrongs—
The Lie set up where Truth belongs—
My righteous wrath is a-bilin'.

I'd like to think that there was not
One trace of sin's defilin;
But when the Truth has gone to pot—
The devil crowned and Christ forgot—
I can't help gittin' sorter hot—
My righteous wrath is a-bilin'.

But God will soon remove the curse,
The Snake will quit beguilin';
An' when things can't get any worse,
The whole procession will reverse,
An' there will be no grief to nurse,
No righteous wrath a-bilin'.

James Larkin Pearson

SPEED LIMIT—TWO INCHES A YEAR

I see in the papers that we are sure enough going to have disarmament. They are now thinking of beginning to prepare to fix to start to discuss the preliminary details of holding a preliminary conference. The first preliminary conference will be held in April to discuss the plans for holding another preliminary conference in August, at which time plans will be discussed for holding another preliminary conference about next Christmas. And at the Christmas conference it is hoped that a date can be set for holding another preliminary conference in the fall of 1927, and then they will try to decide on the time and place for another preliminary conference a few years later. If they ever do get beyond the "preliminary" stage, which is doubtful, some fool socialist will suggest that they should actually begin to do some disarming. Then all the wise statesmen will let out a war-whoop and murder the fool Socialist in about 17 different languages, and then the chairman will call the house to order and appoint a committee to select the time and place for another preliminary conference.

Who said we weren't getting on?

They have now discovered a winged insect that lives on tin. Well, sarn the luck! I'll bet it's the hoss-fly trying to adapt itself to modern conditions. Now we'll have to go to spraying "Shoo-Fly" over our old Fords.

NOTICE!

If this paragraph is marked with a RED pencil, it means that your OLD subscription has expired. But if you have lately sent in your renewal, then you may disregard the notice.

THE WISDOM OF WISE

The great Jewish rabbi, Stephen S. Wise, is beginning to live up to his name. He is Wise and getting wiser.

During all of his life until a few months ago he has denied even the historical fact of Jesus Christ's existence — denied that such a man ever lived in the world. But now he comes out and publicly admits that he has been mistaken. He is now convinced that Jesus did live, and that he was a great and good man—a true teacher and prophet. He still denies that Jesus was the Messiah for which the Jews have looked and are yet looking, but he goes so far as to say that the Jews must accept Jesus and his teachings.

Just what degree of acceptance that is meant to imply it is hard to say, but any acceptance at all is the most remarkable thing that ever happened. The Jews have always stood squarely against accepting Jesus in any shape or form; but now that the ice is broken, they will go right on accepting him more and more. Some of the strongholds of Judahism will hold out against the new idea for awhile, and some of the stand-pat rabbis will make a big fuss about it. But all of the open-minded and progressive Jews will soon be on the Jesus band-wagon. Some of them even now go much farther than Rabbi Wise has gone, but he is the most noted Jew who has gone so far toward accepting Jesus.

I predict that inside twenty years every Jew on earth will be a Christian. I may be mistaken, but that is my notion, and it will be mighty interesting to watch the developments from now on.

The prophets of old said that the Jews would return to their own land. They are returning. The same prophets declare that they will accept Christ. Now we see that beginning. True? Absolutely.

If hard work and good sensible foolishness can prevent it, there is not going to be any "dull season" with The Fool-Killer this year.

If The Fool-Killer was just like other papers, there would be no use to have a Fool-Killer. But it's different. In all this wilderness of printed things, this paper stands out like a white preacher at a nigger meeting.

THE FOOL-KILLER

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

Published monthly at Wilkesboro, N. C.

J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

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HOW TO SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS

When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order, or check to cover same, and your own name and address as club sender, is enough. But remember this: Please do not send poorly or carelessly written lists, as they are very difficult to make out, and if we cannot make them out correctly the subscribers will not get their papers. Always have the lists typewriten if possible, and in case you cannot do that, please print out the names and addresses in printing letters with pen or pencil. This is very important.

If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper. Never mix subscription orders with other matters in the body of a letter. And always remember to write on one side of the paper only. Never write on both sides of the paper. This also is very important.

In ordering your address changed, always give the old address as well as the new. That is terribly important.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Let's Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I nave read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with rumor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

All people who are not fools will subscribe for The Fool-Killer as soon as they see a copy. Put yourself on the wise side by coming across with the price. Fork it over, boys, and enjoy the fun.

The seating of Senator Nye came mighty Nye taking the breath away from the "regular" Republicans in Congress.

Now the question is this: Have we swallowed the World Court, or has the World Court swallowed us? Don't all answer at once.

Life is short, and you'd better get all the good you can out of it as you go along. Therefore subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

The Davis family made a mighty poor showing in the race for president, but it seems to be mighty lucky in getting into the cabinet.

A "patriotic citizen" is a feller who wears a tin rooster in his hat, carries a torchlight in the procession, votes for what he don't want, and gets it.

If any of your friends are in need of a sure cure for the blues, persuade them to try a few doses of The Fool-Killer. It never fails to produce results.

The Greeley (Colo.) Tribune says: "stray bullet kills one in Chicago and wounds five in Philadelphia." Gee-whilliker! But wasn't that bullet going some?

The old horse had his faults, but I can say at least this much for him: You didn't have to pour hot water on him of a cold morning to get him started.

It is announced from Washington that the Treasury Department is calling in all $10,000 bills. Claw around in your jeans, Rube, and see how many you've got. If I had twelve more I'd have a dozen.

A religious lady in Los Angeles has been praying for spiritual understanding, eczema, and prosperity. I can understand why she wants the other things ,but what in the name of Pete does she want with eczema?

If you ain't satisfied with the way I say it, suppose you flinder away and say it yourself. Then I'll print your letter and answer it—if I can find room for it. Let's have a nice little friendly fuss.

"Elect ME! I'll represent this district! I'll represent you!" That sounds familiar, doesn't it? That talk will soon blossom all over the land. That's candidate talk. You don't have to swallow it this year unless you just want to. Read The Fool-Killer and find out what small dependence there is to be put in all this campaign bunk.

In this free country it is now a serious crime to tell the truth. If you don't believe it, just go and ask Billy Mitchell. He told the truth and proved every word of it, but he had to pull off his little jacket and take the punishment just the same. Which is a gentle reminder that we must all talk to suit the bosses, lie or no lie. The truth is dangerous.

TWO ISSUES MISSED

This is the first issue of The Fool-Killer since December. Due to causes entirely beyond my control ,the paper could not be issued in January and February, and even the March issue is late.

It seems that The Fool-Killer has the hardest time getting itself made and sent out that any paper in the world ever did have. Just about the time I think everything is going good, something has to come along and upset all my plans. But I just hang on, like cuckleburr to a calf's belly, and never do give up entirely. So here I am again, feeling just about as good as usual, thank you.

BEYOND THE LAW

It seems that no citizen of These States has a legal right to make, buy, sell, give, receive, possess, drink, or otherwise handle the contents of the flowing bowl—except Old Man Andy Mellon, the swell guy who holds the draw-strings of Uncle Sam's money-bag. He can own and run a big distillery and have thousands of gallons in his possession and it is all just as right and proper as kissing yer wife. But if anybody else crosses the creek two miles below where an empty bottle was found last summer, they have violated the law. Wonder how come Old Man Andy to be such a privileged character, anyhow?

The South Dakota Churchman gets off this one: "On account of the good condition of the roads of this locality, our regular weekly worship of Almighty God has been discontinued."

Bundle and News Stand Rates

The Fool-Killer will be furnished in bundles to one address at the following prices:

20 copies of any one issue, 15 cents.
40 copies of any one issue, 30 cents.
60 copies of any one issue, 45 cents.
80 copies of any one issue, 60 cents.
100 copies of any one issue, 75 cents.

Sample copies in small quantities will be furnished free of charge.

ONE CENT EACH

Say, Mister Subscriber, ain't you got two or three dozen friends who are not taking The Fool-Killer, but who ought to be taking it? Sure you have. Then lemme tell you what you do: Send me the names and addresses of a whole raft of these friends ,and enclose one cent for each name (to help pay expenses) and I will send each person a copy of the paper at once. Then you can drop around and take their subscriptions for a year and send in a big club. The one cent I am asking for with each name is to pay for having one copy sent to these people. Then when they read one copy they will want more. Just try it and see.

"The radio industry is in its infancy," says the Columbia Record. Oh, well, that explains why it so often howls like a sick baby.

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they do chaw it up purty tolerable fine. And as the daily grist of life is poured into the hopper of destiny, we can't always tell just how it will look when it comes out. But here is one turn of fortune's wheel that looks to me like poetic justice.

Four years ago there was an Indiana "traitor" named Debs doing time in the Atlanta Federal Prison, and there was at the same time an Indiana pate-rot named Warren T. McCray in the governor's chair of that state.

A meeting of the American Legion was held at Indianapolis, at which the pate-rot governor made a speech. Among other pate-rot-ic remarks, he squirted this through the gap in his face:

"It is a matter of shame to me and a disgrace to the State that the one arch-traitor in America has his home in Indiana."

That remark was applauded by the 100 per cent bullies, and the governor who uttered it was hailed as the personification of American pate-rot-ism.

It so happened that this great pate-rot-ic governor was a man of much wealth and a Bank President, besides being governor, and at the very time he was denouncing Debs as a traitor he was using his financial machinery to steal millions of dollars from the easy-marks in a dozen different states. And he was trying to use his pate-rot-ism as a cloak to cover up his own rascality.

But such things do leak out once in awhile, as they did in this case, and today that great pate-rot-ic governor of Indiana is serving a ten year term in the Atlanta Federal Prison, while the "traitor" Debs is a free man and a great hero of the people, traveling over the country and addressing big cheering crowds nearly every day.

The letters M. D. after a doctor's name mean "Money Down."

BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS

This is a little book of verses written by Cora Wallace Pearson, the wife of James Larkin Pearson. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed and has a picture of the author. Will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and will also throw in for good measure another little book which gives a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25c. Order today—right now. Address: Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

PEARSON'S POEMS

By James Larkin Pearson

The complete collected poems of the editor of this paper. Over 300 poems in all, covering a wide range of subjects, and handled as only Pearson can handle them. The book is now ready and on sale to the public, and every reader of The Fool-Killer should have a copy. About 375 pages, 6x9, printed on heavy book paper, and nicely bound in dark green cloth with title in gold. Weighs nearly two pounds. Portrait of author and complete index. Price $2.10 postpaid. Send orders to: James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

MAGGIE—AND JIGGS

When music is getting too raggy.
And sounds like the squealing of pigs,
We can always be certain of Maggie—
And Jiggs.

When all other pictures are draggy,
And look like the acting of prigs,...
We can still get a kick out of Maggie—
And Jiggs.

When jokes are disgusting and gaggy,
And not worth the price of two figs,
Theer's true inspiration in Maggie—
And Jiggs.

Of course she's a little bit naggy,
And gives him some pretty hard digs;
But we never could live without Maggie—
And Jiggs.

—Pack it on Pearson.

THE DISEASE AND THE REMEDY

There is no denying the fact that the condition which brought the Ku Klux into existence is a real condition and not a theory. Such a thing as the K. K. K. could not have sprung up here in this land without a cause.

Long before the Kluckers were thought of, The Fool-Killer was on the job fighting the Pope and his toe-kissers. And some of the papers that are now straight Klucker organs were among the first to denounce this paper for being anti-Catholic.

So I am in position to say that the Kluckers have a real grievance, and that there is a good deal of truth in what they say, especially in regard to the Catholics. Romanism is a bad disease which has fastened itself upon this country, and the Kluckers are trying to cure it by their strong-arm and rough-neck methods.

But I must repeat over and over again that I consider the remedy every bit as bad as the disease. In fact, it is not a remedy at all—it is only another disease. And now it seems to me that the patient will be just twice as hard to cure as it was before.

Oh, I've got lots of good friends who are Kluckers, and they know that I know it. Their being Kluckers don't make me think any less of them, because I believe their intentions are mostly good, and they are in dead earnest about it. But I do wish I could get them to see that they have gone at this thing in the wrong way.

You can't clean up a muddy stream by throwing more mud into it. You can't remove a bad smell by raising a still bigger stink. You can't heal up the Catholic sore on Democracy's left leg by skinning the other leg and putting salt on it.

The Kluckers come to me and they say:

"Well, Pearson, if we are not doing it right, how would you do it?"

For one thing, I would be a man. I would stand up openly and let the world know that I was an American citizen and not ashamed of it. I would not cover up my face and sneak around in dark corners like a thief and a criminal. I would try to show to the world that I was a better and more desirable type of character than the gang I was fighting.

Then ,again, I would not adopt a name for myself which bears all the ear-marks of heathenism, barbarism, witchcraft and devil-worship, and which makes its strongest appeal to the dare-devil spirit of the wild and wooly young hoodlums of these Benighted States.

That's part of what I would do, and that would help some.

Club Rates

In Clubs of Five or more, 15c

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, WILKESBORO, N. C.

RUN, NIGGER, RUN!

Hay, here!
Murder!
Police!
Just look!

The doggone Mexican Greasers are going to eat us up blood-raw ,and then eat up the good American dirt that we live on.

Have you heard the awful news? Why, it is simply terrible to think about. The ugly red-handed facts are these: For years and years the Mexican Millionaires have been coming up here into poor old Uncle Sam's territory and buying up our coal fields and our oil lands and establishing great industries and enterprises which they run in defiance of United States law, but for which they demand the protection of our government. Not only must these Mexican industries on American soil be "protected" for their foreign owners, but the foreign exploiters themselves must be given a free hand to come in here and grab what little we have left.

If any of our poor down-trodden American people try to hold on to a little bit of our native land and undertake to pass laws to keep the rich Mexican out, behold, here comes a "note" from the Mexican Secretary of State demanding that we surrender and give up the rest of our country to the pot-gutted millionaries of Mexico. Our poor old Secretary Kellogg at Washington has received two or three of these insolent notes from the Mexican authorities ,and he is just about wild with fear, not knowing what to do. President Coolidge has been called in consultation and they are both in tears over the hopelessness of the situation.

The rich and arrogant Mexicans seem to take the position that we ain't got sense enough to own and run our own country, and they must butt in and run it to suit themselves. They don't care a whoop for the welfare of Uncle Sam's poor struggling citizens. All they care for is to get the wealth of this country into their own hands, and they have already got most of it.

If we aim to keep enough of our own soil to be buried on and enough property to pay the undertaker ,we will have to fight Mexico in order to do it, for she is showing an awful ugly temper and her officials refuse to consider any terms of compromise . It looks like this glorious land of the free is a gone sucker. Let us weep.

Well, I'll be sarn-taked! If I ain't gone ahead here and writ this story right plum back-erds and tail - eend - foremost from what it ought to be. But after putting all that hard work on it, I'll just be dog-sarned if I'm going to change it. Maybe you can stand on your head to read it, or figure it out any way to suit yourself.

DON'T SHOOT

They are making preparation
To astonish all the nation,
And you're bound to hear about it pretty soon;
They are trying now to figger
How to make a cannon bigger,
And they're going to shoot a rocket to the moon.

They are going to make the rocket
With a funny little pocket
That will holda little letter to the man,
And a piece of bread and meat
For the little dog to eat,
And they're going to send it to 'em if they can.

But I think there's lots of danger
Shooting at a total stranger
Who will not be looking out for any harm.
What if they should bust the moon,
And knock gravity out of tune?
That's the reason I'm a-giving this alarm.

S'pose the little scraps of matter
From the busted moon would scatter,
Falling on us in the land of Uncle Sam!
We would all get mashed out flat,
Lose our beauty and all that,
And the earth and moon would not be worth a——cent

—Pack it on Pearson.

If you get hold of a sample of The Fool-Killer, you are hereby invited to read it over carefully, show it to your friends and get up a club.

DR. SWENSON HAS THE FLOOR

Through the medium of this-here fool paper I have, during the past dozen years, come in contact with great numbers of mighty good friends and sympathizers in every part of the country. These friends write me good helpful letters, and whenever it is possible I write personal replies to them. In this way I have collected a string of correspondents which is so long that I never can get all of their letters answered. Most of them have to make out with what I can say in the paper, but still I write as many personal letters as my other duties will allow. Recently I stole a few minutes with my trusty Oliver and knocked off a couple of pages to a good friend in far-away Montana. Knowing him to be a man of superior intelligence and warm sympathy, I talked freely and askd him a lot of questions about this ,that and the other. Now comes his reply, and part of what he says is too good to keep to myself, so I am taking the liberty to print a portion of his letter. I now introduce Dr. Peter G. Swenson, D. C.

Mizpah, Mont.

Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Editor The Fool-Killer,
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Dear Mr. Pearson:

I received with great interest and joy your letter of Jan. 11. I was glad to get such a good and long letter from you. I am going to send you another club soon, and I shall get some of my friends in Minnesota to get busy and send you clubs. We sure do want The Fool-Killer.

You have asked me some questions, and I will try to answer them in as straight-forward a manner as I can. You said: "I am inclined to take up for the unpopular causes when I believe them to be right (which is often the case), and the big crowd seldom agrees with me." Then you ask: "Am I wrong? Or is the big crowd wrong?"

At first I'll comment upon your parenthesis above. I'll say that it is not only often the case, but I'll say it is ALWAYS the case, until such time as the big crowd wakes up from its docile condition and shakes off its lethargy. Then they will agree with you. Just keep hammering away at the dog-gone fools until they wake up. Of course you are right. It's only those who cater to Big Biz and Big Ikes that do not agree with you. All The Fool-Killer needs is to be more universally known. There's only a very few of the common people who do not agree with you, and who are not in perfect accord with your writings and views.

Of course some people at first, before they realize it, look upon The Fool-Killer as a joke-paper only; and that is all right for some of them, because while they are reading the "jokes" it begins to slowly percolate through their foggy serumized and capital-snoozed craniums that there is something else besides mere fool-stuff in the paper. There are many people in Minnesota (where I have been) who are very enthusiastic over The Fool-Killer and look eagerly for every new forthcoming number.

Yours encouragingly,
P. G. SWENSON, D. C.

INFIDELS, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE

Now, honey, if you will just shut your automatic mouth and listen to me about five minutes you will learn something that will do you good and help you too. I have got my gospel-gun loaded for bear, as usual ,and I am now going to preach a few toots on "Infidels, and How They Are Made."

Just a few weeks ago the Associated Press roosted one night on the doorstep of Luther Burbank, the famous California plant wizard, and the next day it sent broadcast over the earth a terrible boogery tale about Burbank being an Infidel.

All the papers printed pictures of Burbank ,with scare-heads announcing his open declaration of Infidelity. After having about forty duck-fits over it in big black type, they gradually simmered down to the regular 8-point and quoted a few stickfuls of Luther's "ugly talk" for the purpose of warning their readers not to eat any more Burbank taters.

Here is one little dose of Burbank's infidel theology that caused the sanctified press of the nation to stand on its head and bite itself and have night-hosses for nearly a week. Read it carefully. The plant wizard deposes and says:

"The idea that a good God would send people to an everlasting burning hell is utterly damnable to me. I don't want to have anything to do with such a God."

Oh!

Ouch!

Wow!

Ain't that jist plum turbul talk? Ain't it a wonder that God permits such a "blasphemer" to keep on drawing the breath of life?

But wait a minute.

Let's see.

What is it that Burbank objects to?

Why, that nice, lovely, delightful, beautiful, pleasant, sweet, charming doctrine of "eternal torment" as handed out by the theological kings of modern Babylon. Why, the fellow is so unreasonable that he even demands a civilized God ,and refuses to believe in one who is worse than a brute.

Well, honey, that's me to a gnat's whisker. I can utter a hearty "Amen" to every word of the above quotation from Burbank. He has not rejected a Good God. He has only rejected a damnable doctrine of men—a doctrine that makes God a demon and religion a howling farce. That far, at least, I can say, bully for Burbank! I glory in his spunk! If that is "infidelity," I wish we had about a hundred million more such "infidels."

But, as a matter of fact, Burbank does not stop at that. He goes further. He goes too far. Having rejected the false doctrine of "eternal torment," but having not discovered the real Truth, he just concludes that there is no Truth and he throws the whole religious system in the waste-basket together. He goes on to say that he does recognize the existence of a great universal power, but he don't claim to know much about that power, and he don't believe anybody else knows any more about it than he does. Therefore he frankly classifies himself as an Infidel.

Now the thing we want to find out is this:

What is it that makes so many of the world's great thinkers lose all faith in religion and become infidels?

Just this:

FALSE THEOLOGY.

Yes, just that.

The preachers and teachers of theology have given to the world a mess of stuff that is utterly false and blasphemous, and they have persuaded nearly all the people to believe it. The ignorant mob ain't got sense enough to think for itself about these things, and so it just opens its shoulders like a young cat-bird and swallows whatever the theologians want to pour in.

But when a great THINKER like Luther Burbank comes along it is a different proposition. He knows how to think and how to reason, and he feels free to reject anything that is just plain nonsense.

So far, so good.

But, having rejected the nonsense, he sees nothing else in sight to take its place. Nobody has called his attention to the fact that there is a REASONABLE theology, that even a Burbank would be glad to accept. The trouble is that the reasonable theology is unpopular and only taught by a few "cranks," and so there isn't much chance for men like Burbank to get lined up with it. They figure that the widely accepted POPULAR beliefs are what constitute Religion ,and if so, they frankly have no use for it. It never occurs to them that the Truth might be found in some of the small unpopular groups. They just dump everything that is called theology or religion into one pile and then kick it aside.

All right—where else can they go?

Right straight into Infidelity.

Then who is to blame?

Nobody but the teachers of "immortal soul" and "hell-fire" theology.

Put that into your pipe and smoke it.

SOME DO, AND SOME DON'T

Maybe you don't like The Fool-Killer. Well, that's all right. I don't care one dried-apple snap whether you like it or not. If you don't, somebody else will.

The Fool-Killer is here to say just what it doggon pleases about whatever happens in this well-known world, and it does not court the smiles nor fear the frowns of you nor anybody else. So you needn't think that your getting mad and cussing a blue streak is going to worry me the least bit. If you feel that way about it, you have my urgent permission to just cuss yer head off. Then maybe you'll hush.

CORRESPONDENCE

DALLAS MALLISON, Oriental, N. C.—Enclosed find check for 75 cents for which please send me The Fool-Killer for the next five years, beginning with the December number.

M. L. BROCKMAN, 52 Third Ave., Judson, Greenville, S. C.—I enjoy your little paper very much, and it is full of the stuff I like.

R. L. BAILEY, Shady Dale, Ga.—Enclosed find 25 cents for a year's subscription to The Fool-Killer. In some way I got a sample copy, and I don't know when I ever enjoyed reading a thing so much.

H. L. WILLARD, Princeton, W. Va.—Enclosed find 75 cents for five more subs. I have been a subscriber to your truthful little paper for several years. May success crown your every effort.

JOHN T. FIELD, P. O. Box 49, Reno, Nevada.—I got hold of a stray copy of The Fool-Killer and I nearly laughed my fool head off. It nearly killed me with delight, I enjoyed it so much.

B. C. MARTIN, Box 103, Camargo, Ill.—I have just finished reading a copy of The Fool-Killer—my first copy—and must say it is the wittiest and most sensible paper I've ever read. Find enclosed 25 cents for a year's subscription.

C. G. DOBS, 75 Venable St., Atlanta, Ga.—Enclosed find a club of fifteen and money order to cover. I happened to find a copy of your paper in a train a few days ago, and everybody that saw it wanted to subscribe for it, and I wanted it, so I thought I would just act as agent.

G. I. RAY, Charlotte, N. C.—When The Fool-Killer first arrived we started to throw it in the waste-basket, but accidently took it home and started to reading it one night, and we must admit that when you read this paper in your family circle, you can get a lot of fun and amusement from same.

JOHN FLYNN, Donnaha, N. C.—By accident I ran across a copy of your paper, The Fool-Killer. When I began to read I began to laugh. The more I read the more I laughed. Finally I read some more, and then I got tickled and laughed all over myself. Find the enclosed check for subscriptions.

B. S. PEYTON, R1, Homer, Ga.—Please find enclosed check for $1.05 and list of subs. Send The Fool-Killer twelve months to each name, and renew my subscription 12 months from expiration. Please start these with the January issue and oblige. Also send me about 15 or 20 sample copies of The Fool-Killer and a few order blanks and I will try to send a nice club real soon.

DANIEL A. URETZ, 160 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.—It may interest you to know that I quit using "moonshine" since I subscribed for The Fool-Killer. I get more of a kick out of The Fool-Killer for less money than I did out of a costly drink. There is more truth in it than poetry. Your knocking may do more good to some mush-heads than the expert boosting of high-priced intellectual prostitutes who are willing to sell their oratory for gold. Let The Fool-Killer tickle the ribs of the enclosed subs for one year.

JOHN C. STRICKLIN, Parkersburg ,W. Va.—I am sending five subscriptions to The Fool-Killer to begin with the January number, and I would like to request that you give us another write-up on Adam Smith and Even Smith and old man Satan Brown. Also your Billy Bonehead correspondent—he is great. We like all of your good articles. Yours for a prosperous New Year.

JOSEPH L. PATRICK, P. O. Box 182, Keystone, Okla.—I received today The Fool-Kiler No. 11. I must say you are thoroughly a progressive. Hurry up and send me a dollar bill's worth of the above mentioned number. I am anxious to scratch the people of this community by rubbing them with your curry-comb, The Fool-Killer. I hope you may keep your banner at the top of the mast for a long, long time.

H. S. CARROLL, Lentner, Mo.—I have just got through laughing and will try to write you a few lines to tell you how much honest-to-God fun I got out of a copy of The Fool-Killer which a friend gave me this morning. I have read every word in it ,and I certainly got the worth of my money. Beats any side show or picture show I ever saw. Want it, you bet. Here's the chink to keep it coming for a year ,and I hope you will live to be as old as Methusliah, and then some. Send me some more samples.

C. E. ERICKSON, Monte Vista, Colo.—My dear Fool-Killer:—Many thanks for your brilliant light. It sure penetrates or kills darkness. I enclose the price again, as I did last year, and hope to have the enjoyment of another year of your brilliant flashes. I am not acquainted much with the people around here, as to their temper for the paper. They are mostly church people, and their motto is: "Hats off for the Past and coats off for the Future," and I am in my 80th year and somewhat side-tracked.

PULL AND TUG

Uncle Sam and his owners are having regular jeeminy fits over some land-laws that Mexico has lately passed. The laws are said to be "retroactive," and that's what Uncle Sam and his owners are beefing about.

If you don't know what "retroactive" means, I will explain that the word is goose-latin and means: "Give back that loot." Mexico is trying to get back some of the swag that the Yanks have swiped. The Yanks can sorter stand it to quit stealing, but they can't bear the idea of giving back what they have stolen.

But if a nigger is caught sneaking out of a store with a stolen ham, he is forced to give back the ham and go to jail besides.

A Yank is a Yank,
And a nigger is a nigger.
They always jail the little thief,
But turn loose one that's bigger.

Now, boys, as a parting word I ask you to show this paper to all your neighbors and friends and get them to subscribe. The Fool-Killer will get better and better each month. In next issue there will be some juice that will pucker the devil's mouth to beat sixty.

The Fool-Killer

Monthly—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

Vol. XIV. Wilkesboro, North Carolina, April, 1926. No. 2.

A MILLION OR TWO

I wouldn't be rich if I knew that I could,
For wealth is a burden and not any good.
My tastes are all simple, my wants are but few,
And I could make out with a million or two.

Just a plain little shack built of marble or stone,
And a little more swell than my neighbors can own,
With a few thousand books that I'd never read through,
And that wouldn't cost but a million or two.

A few dozen servants to come at my call,
Some jewels, and pictures, and music, and all,
And three or four cars that are shiny and new—
Why, it all could be had for a million or two.

You see I'm a man with a moderate taste,
And don't care a snap about money to waste,
And I'll state as my private and personal view
That a man doesn't need but a million or two.

If Ford were to offer to give me his pile,
I'd wave it away with a satisfied smile,
And thank him profusely, but swear it was true
That I didn't want but a million or two.

I wouldn't be rich, for I never could see
That riches would add any honor to me.
Such honor as that I shall never pursue,
But I WOULD like to have just a million or two.

—James Larkin Pearson.

TWO ALMIGHTY GODIKINS

The little land of Italy,
Italy,
Italy;
The little land of Italy
Is certainly a shiner,
With two almighty godikins,
Godikins,
Godikins;
With two almighty godikins,
The Pope and Mussy Liner.

I wonder how they manage it,
Manage it,
Manage it;
I wonder how they manage it
To tell which is diviner,
When both of them are godikins,
Godikins,
Godikins;
When both of them are godikins,
The Pope and Mussy Liner.

—James Larkin Pearson.

TROUBLE IN MONKEYDOM

The Fool-Killer has another piece of sad news to relate. Our ancient and honorable forty-leventh cousins, the monkeys, are having trouble in their camp. It is the first serious trouble that they have ever had, so far as I can find out, and it has developed into an open rupture with threats of civil war among the tribes.

What is the cause of this great trouble in Monkeydom? Evolution, of course. That is the most troublesome question now before the monkey public, and just what the end is to be nobody can tell.

In Wake county, North Carolina, there is a great tropical forest where the monkeys of the Tar Heel state have their headquarters. They use a big spreading oak tree for their capital building, and the members of the monkey legislature sit around on the limbs or hang suspended by their tails while their legislature is in session. Heretofore these sessions of the monkey lawmakers have been peaceful and harmonious.

But a new and terrible thing has happened. It recently became known that certain monkey professors in some of the monkey colleges had been teaching to the young monkeys a strange new theory called evolution. The theory, if I understand it, is that all monkeys evoluted up from some sort of lower animals known as human beings. The monkey professors have written books in which they submit evidence to prove their contention, and before the monkey parents knew what was going on this terrible theory was being taught to the monkey children in all the monkey schools.

All patriotic and self-respecting monkeys will now rise up on their hind legs and raise a terrible howl and demand that this evolution stuff be cut out of all the monkey school books. It is a well-known fact that God made the first monkey out of a cocoanut, because you can see the monkey's face on the cocoanut even till this day. A cocoanut for a pappy is all right, but just think of evoluting from a human being! No-sir-ee!

This from the Boston Herald: "The English sparrow is disappearing from American city streets mainly because it could not change its diet from half-digested oats to half-links of motor tire chains." Now the Boston Herald had better go and wash its mouth.

Germany had been promised admission into the League of Nations, but the last minute the door was slammed in her face.

WHO IS RUNNING THE WORLD?

Let's get right down to brass tacks, as Postle Paul says, and see if we can find out who is actually running this-here ball of mud that we live on.

In the first place, how come the aforesaid ball of mud to be here? Men didn't make it and put it here. Neither did the monkeys, elephants, hosses, cows, fishes nor grasshoppers make it and put it here.

Then who or what did it?

The least we can say is that some Power above and beyond us did it. Even the rankest infidel will have to admit that much. He must admit, too, that the Creative Power, whatever it is, has intelligence and reason. There is system and design in the things of nature that we see around us, and to say that they just happened so is the most foolish explanation that could be given.

Well, then, what next? If a Good Power made the world and put us here in it, why are we having such a devil of a time of it? Why can't we all behave ourselves and get what we need and all be happy? Ask any man in the world and he will tell you that he wants conditions to get better. All the great statesmen say they want war to stop. Well, if they are the boss of the job, as they claim to be, why don't they stop war and all the rest of the fool nonsen ? that is going on?

Oh, they say, "We can't." Can't, eh? Well, then, they are not the boss of the job.

The fact is that God started things out all right, but man and the devil grabbed the reins out of God's hands and thought they'd be Big Ikes and run the world. So God thought He would just let 'em try it for awhile and see what sort of a mess they would make. Well, they have made a mess, all right, and now it has got so bad Mr. Man can't stand it any longer, and he can't fix it, and he don't know what to do nor which way to run, and if God ever gets tickled He must be tickled now.

The Redemocan plutocrats love liberty so doggon good that they want it all for themselves. They are not willing for the under dog to have any.

The Florida boom is busted, and everything is headed toward the North Pole. Even Billy Bonehead is probably on his way North by this time.

Thar haint nary nuther paper like this in the whole round world. If you ever expect to need a Fool-Killer, this is your only chance. Grab it.

NOTICE!

If this paragraph is marked with a RED pencil, it means that your OLD subscription has expired. But if you have lately sent in your renewal, then you may disregard the notice.

LISSEN, LAWYERS, LISSEN!

The Fool-Killer has on its subscription list a good many lawyers. Now a lawyer is supposed to have good reasoning powers. He is supposed to be well trained in making clear distinctions between words of different meanings. And if he hasn't these qualifications he isn't much of a lawyer.

Now I want to put up to my lawyer readers a hypothetical case. Suppose, Mr. Lawyer, that you were handling a case in which the result depended on the meaning of two Greek words. Suppose it was agreed by all Greek scholars that one of the words meant HOT and the other one meant COLD. Would you, as a lawyer, undertake to prove that they both meant the same thing? Of course you would not.

But that is the very thing our Bible translators tried to do when they took two Greek words—Gehenna and Hades—and used the one word Hell to translate both of them.

Gehenna means HOT (in fire), while Hades means COLD (in death), but the translators have tried to make both of them mean the same thing. They have fixed it so that when the average English reader of the Bible comes to the word Hell, he don't know whether he is reading about Gehenna (a hot place) or Hades (a cold place). Perhaps the reader has never had his attention called to the fact that the word Hell is used to translate two different Greek words of absolutely opposite meanings. So he just goes ahead thinking that Hell is always a HOT place, because the popular theology of the day says so. But the popular theology is either very ignorant of the meaning of words, or else it is deliberately dishonest. I guess it is some of both.

Now, Mr. Lawyer, what do you think about such a two-faced translation as that? Do you think it proves anything? You might call your preacher's attention to this and see what he says.

If the League of Nations really wants Uncle Sam to become a member of it, there is one sure way to succeed. Let her put out the word that he is not wanted and that he would not be taken in under any conditions, and I'll bet my old hat he'd be in before you could say Jack Robinson. Sam is just that contrary.

THE FOOL-KILLER

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

Published monthly at Wilkesboro, N. C.

J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

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If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper. Never mix subscription orders with other matters in the body of a letter. And always remember to write on one side of the paper only. Never write on both sides of the paper. This also is very important.

In ordering your address changed, always give the old address as well as the new. That is terribly important.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Let's Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with rumor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

All people who are not fools will subscribe for The Fool-Killer as soon as they see a copy. Put yourself on the wise side by coming across with the price. Fork it over, boys, and enjoy the fun.

IDIOTORIALS

Cows and pore folks can now live on green truck for awhile.

Have you planted your crop of tater bugs yet?

Howdy, Mr. Spinach! Good morning, Mr. Turnip Sallet!

This-here business of writing funny stuff is no laughing matter.

Tomorrow will be time for the old setting hen to come off with her biddies.

April has come this time about as much as usual. Has it April-ed any around where you stay?

A rooster likes to get pay for his crowing, but he has been known to crow for nothing.

Corner lots at the North Pole are going like hot cakes. Bid up boys.

Every time they plant a lily in Europe the blamed thing turns out to be a sword when it comes up.

Toot! Toot! The next station is Garden Peas. Change cars for Snap Beans, Fried Ingerns and Rosenyears.

The worst thing about being "saved" by the politicians is that they always give us something worse than they save us from.

Harry Thaw is trying to re-court and re-marry his former wife, but Evelyn is cold as ice and shows no signs of Thaw-ing.

This Redemocan "prosperity" that we are now afflicted with is just about as much like real prosperity as a stuffed owl is like two acres of cabbage.

They try to make President Coolness seem like a "regular feller" by calling him "Cal." Huh! Just as well call a dose of salts "sugar" and expect that to help the taste.

Joining the World Court and at the same time trying to keep out of the League of Nations is sorter like trying to climb a tree without leaving the ground.

Somebody mentions Billy Sunday for president. Well, if we are going to do our very worst, as we usually do, I guess Billy would answer the purpose all right.

Georgia is still ahead of all the other states in the number of subscribers to The Fool-Killer. It has been steadily in the lead for the past ten years, and right now it is sending in more subs than any other state. Hurrah for Georgia!

There was a rumor in Washington last week that a man suspected of being honest was seen on the streets one day. Why in the world did they let him escape? They ought to have captured him for the museum.

BURBANK—DEAD

Luther Burbank's work on earth is done. He has set out his last tree, planted his last seed, and watched his last flowers grow and develop. On Sunday, April 11th he laid it down and went to sleep.

The preachers will say he is not asleep. They will say he is in hell-fire a-kicking and a-screaming. And all because he refused to believe that God was that kind of a monster.

Burbank knew that his health was failing and that he might die soon. But he had hopes of living a few years longer and carrying on his great work of plant development. He felt that he could do more in the next five years if spared to live than he had done in all his past life. But what he would have done in that five years will now perhaps never be done. Other men will carry on his work the best they can, but there was only one Burbank, and there may never be another.

Burbank was, first of all, a thinker and a reasoner. He had a mind that was systematically trained and cultivated. He knew how to select and classify, and how to reject that which was worthless. Among the things that he believed to be worthless was Orthodox Theology, and he said so. It was the popular teaching of Immortal Soul and Eternal Torment that caused him to take that stand. He saw that the theologians made those two things the center of their creeds, and he saw that such teaching could not be harmonized with the thought of a good God. It never occurred to him that the creeds were slandering God and that there was nothing of the sort in the Bible. Theology was not his specialty and he didn't have time to study it out. So he just lumped all "religion" and "theology" together and kicked it aside.

Now listen: If the TRUTH of religion and the Bible had been presented to Burbank in a sensible way, he would have accepted it. No doubt about that. But the false theology of the creeds was an insult to his common sense, and if he was an infidel the creeds are to blame for it.

But now listen again: Burbank is not in hell-fire a-cooking, and he never will be. He is in the tomb, or will be by the time you read these lines. He will sleep his quiet and dreamless sleep in the tomb that is being built for him there among his flowers and plants, where he will be surrounded by the things that he loved in life. If it should be true (as he believed) that there will be no resurrection, then he will sleep there for all eternity. But if (as WE believe) there is to be a resurrection of the dead, then Luther Burbank will come out of his tomb with a smile of glad surprise, and he will be just as pleased about it as anybody could be.

The average office-seeker is like the little book that John the Revelator dined on. He is awful sweet till you get him swallered, and then he is a bitter pill. Boys, let's not swaller him this time.

HOWDY, FOLKS, HOWDY!

Hello, friends! I got here again—dog my cats if I didn't. Poke out them 'tater-grabblers and shake hands with your Uncle. Awful glad to see you folks again. Been a whole month since I scraped my brogans on your door-step. But once a month is often enough to keep acquainted, and I shall continue to pull your latch-string once every thirty days as long as you continue to put up the price. And when you quit I'll quit. But you ain't a-goin to quit are you? No, I don't think you are. You can't afford to let a pitiful little old dime or two cheat you out of all the good fun you can have by reading The Fool-Killer. Some of your subscriptions will expire pretty soon and I am expecting every one of you to renew and send in about fifteen or forty new subscriptions with your renewals. But don't wait for your subscriptions to expire before you send in a club. No-sir-ee-Bob. Get out this very day and hustle up a big club and send it in. Every neighborhood is full of people who will take The Fool-Killer as soon as they see it or hear of it. Tote your copy around with you and read it to everybody you see till you wear it out, and then ask for more.

The Fools don't like The Fool-Killer because it puts salt on their sore places, but the wise people like it and continue to call for more. Are you wise? Then prove it by sending in a whole lot of big clubs to this little sassy thinkazine. Let a constant stream of clubs come pouring in from now on. Don't let it slack up nary minute ,but just keep shootin' 'em in. If you folks will just do your part, I'll be hang-taked if I don't do mine, and we'll have the doggondest most fun you ever heard tell of.

Address: THE FOOL-KILLER,
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Bundle and News Stand Rates

The Fool-Killer will be furnished in bundles to one address at the following prices:

20 copies of any one issue, 15 cents.
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BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS

This is a little book of verses written by Cora Wallace Pearson, the wife of James Larkin Pearson. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed and has a picture of the author. Will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and will also throw in for good measure another little book which gives a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25c. Order today—right now. Address: Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

PEARSON'S POEMS

By James Larkin Pearson

The complete collected poems of the editor of this paper. Over 300 poems in all, covering a wide range of subjects, and handled as only Pearson can handle them. The book is now ready and on sale to the public, and every reader of The Fool-Killer should have a copy. About 375 pages, 6x9, printed on heavy book paper, and nicely bound in dark green cloth with title in gold. Weighs nearly two pounds. Portrait of author and complete index. Price $2.10 postpaid. Send orders to: James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

TRY A CHUNK OF THIS

I have been writing some of this-here "free-verse" or "new poetry" which has been so popular among the high-brows for a few years past. I think mine is about as good as Amy Lowell's or Carl Sandburg's, and it don't cost half as much. In fact, I am going to give you a few samples of it right here, and if it don't go right to the spot and make you feel like hugging yourself and saying yum-yum, then it don't cost you a cent. Here it comes—catch it:

THE COW

Here is a cow
Eating grass in the meadow.
I stand close to her head
And rub her warm damp nose
With my hand.
Looking into her patient, pleading eyes,
I say to the cow:
"O Cow, you are better company
Than some people.
Cow, you are decent—
Your breath smells good.
A man came to my house
This morning
And wanted to talk politics.
He insisted on poking his face
Right into my face
When he talked,
And his breath—Oh, Moses!
It smelled like a glue factory
Struck by lightning.
O gentle and meek-eyed cow,
I am very thankful indeed
That you don't smoke cigarettes,
Nor chew tobacco,
Nor have a fermented stomach,
Nor talk politics.
Cow, may I stay here with you
And read you some poetry?"

LOVE

Enough of heaven to melt,
And enough of hell to melt it;
The empty shell of a broken heart
To dip it up with,
And a pink ear to pour it into.

THE STAR

O the star, the beautiful star!
It is more faithful than men;
It never fails to meet me here
At the same old place.
They say it is far away,
But I know better.
It was far away when it started,
But it bores a round hole through the dark
And comes to me.

INSPIRATION

When God draws a long breath,
And fills His boundless lungs,
And swells out His infinite breast,
And then exhales again,
You know how holy must be the air
That He has breathed.
Then if I can get near enough
To catch His breath,
Warm and trembling from His holy lips,
And drink my soul full
Of that heavenly draught,
Then I am inspired.

THE LIMIT

A great bucket of wisdom
Has been turned over
And spilled—
Look out—you'll get drowned!
An awful noise,
Riding on the back of silence,
Comes galloping in.
Moon up yonder;
Sun up yonder, too.
Earth just anywhere,
All around.
And still some folks
Are not satisfied.
Happiness?—why, honey,
Ain't you happy?

Club Rates

In Clubs of Five or more, 15c

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, WILKESBORO, N. C.

SCRIPTURE LESSON ON THE POLITICIAN

Now cometh the time when the verdant politician riseth up on his hind legs and goeth forth seeking whom he may devour.

He windeth up his eight day mouth and maketh a great noise among the people.

He spouteth much language out of his face and he sheddeth an abundance of crocodile tears.

He talketh about his "party" as if it were a divine institution, and he leaveth the impression that nothing else matters.

His "party" is more sacred than the whole people, and his own election more to be desired than the nation's welfare.

If thou wilt vote for him and his party he will do great things for thee. Yea, verily, he will send thee a package of seeds—maybe.

Today he seeth thee across the street and cometh over to shake hands and talk politics.

He talketh like a second-hand Lincoln that had been bought at a church fair, and he looketh like like a picture out of a Sears-Roebuck catalogue.

But when thou hast dilligently considered his merits, there is nothing to him, and his reputation is like the smell of a wet dog.

Verily, I say unto thee, the politician is a frost, and those who put their trust in him will get bit.

After all, this life is too serious a matter to be treated seriously.

They are starting another "investigation" to find out what is the cause of divorce. Well, I should say, off hand, that the main cause of divorce is matrimony.

George Clelland ,of California, picked up a tub full of water, and just then a 'ketch" struck him in the back so that he couldn't set it down. He is probably standing there yet holding that tub of water.

The cases in which a rich man is actually sent to jail are about as rare as hen's teeth. But that don't mean that rich men never commit crimes. Oh, no. It only means that they don't get punished for their crimes.

DICK TATER'S LETTER

Top-o-the-Pot,
April 15, 1926.

To the Earth,
Alias the World,
Dear old Mud Pie:

I see you are still in trouble up to your neck and getting in deeper every day. And you do have the most different kinds of trouble I ever heard tell of. I have been watching you for many years and wondering if you ever would learn any sense. But it begins to look like you never will. It used to tickle me to see what awful fixes you got into, and I laughed till my sides were sore, but he lately I am beginning to get sorry for you. Seems like I can't stand it to look on your misery any longer, and I have come to take charge of your affairs. I see that you are morally, spiritually, intellectually, politically and financially bankrupt, and ain't got sense enough to lead a blind goose to water.

Now, what you need, Mr. Earth, is a Dick Tater. That's my name. I used to be Julius Caesar, and then I was Napoleon, and later I have been Kaiser Bill and Mussolini. I am just anybody that has power to be your boss.

You thought you would be smart and get rid of your kings and emperors, and set up what you call democracy in the world. But the doggon thing falls down faster than you can set it up, and it looks like pretty soon you will not have any form of government at all. Your kings are gone, your empires busted, your democracy is rotten, and you are about ready for the scrap-heap. The only thing that can do you any good now is a Dick Tater, and that's me. Turn yourself around here so that I can kick you good and hard. Bim! Bim! Now go off and rub your sore place, and don't let me hear any more about democracy and the "rule of the people." The people are fools. Don't pay any attention to them. Listen to me. I am your boss.

DICK TATER.

Soon be time for dogwood and straw hats to blossom.

This is election year, you remember, and there will be just dead oodlins of terrible things that we will need to be "saved" from. But if we could just manage to get saved from the big-mouthed political pie-eaters, the rest of our troubles wouldn't matter so much.

A SERMON ON DELUSIONS

Watch out! I am now going to talk about "Witches" and other fool things that have been believed in by people who ought to have had better sense.

I reckon most of you have heard about the great "Witchcraft Delusion" which swept over New England about 1688 and later, during which time a great number of poor innocent people were put to death on the charge of being "Witches." The center of the excitement was around Salem, Massachusetts, and the leading men in it were two Big Ike preachers—Increase Mather and his son Cotton Mather. These two preachers had the name of being great scholars and thinkers, but on the subject of Witchcraft, at least, they didn't show as much common sense and reasoning capacity as a six-weeks-old calf. They both took the lead in running down "witches" and hanging them, and they both wrote books defending their actions in the matter. The "witch" was usually a poor old woman of the lower class who had no way of defending herself from the Puritan fanatics. As soon as some of the more respectable classes began to be accused, the witch-burners got cold feet and quit. But not before they had committed some of the blackest crimes in history.

How does that seem to us today? It just seems unbelieveable that any set of men could ever have believed such nonsense. We all know now that it was one of the worst cases of popular delusion that the world has known. Nobody pretends to call it anything else but a delusion ,and we think it mighty strange that big educated preachers and college presidents would have fallen for such stuff.

But wait a minute.

Don't be so fast.

We still have among us another popular delusion which is worse than the old belief in Witchcraft, and it has the support of nearly all the people—even the so-called educated preachers. The delusion I refer to is the Orothodox Hell or Eternal Torment Delusion. Nothing could be more foolish than that, and yet we hear it spouted from ten thousand little Cotton Mathers every week.

But there are hopeful signs that the Eternal Torment delusion is also dying out. You can occasionally find a person with sand enough in his craw to deny the blasphemous doctrine, and they can now do it without any danger of being burnt at the stake. One hundred years from today the people will look back upon this age and regard our hell-fire teachers with the same incredulous wonder and pity that we now feel for the Mathers who had Increased Cotton where their brains ought to have been.

Say, Mr. Ortho Doxology, are you willing to buss the book and swear that you believe Luther Burbank is now in a burning hell of torment? Speak up. Say Yes or No.

Billy Bonehead in Florida

Bullfrog Roost, Flordy,
Aprile the wunth, 1926.

Editer ov The Fool-Killer,
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Deer Sir:

In mi last letter i slipt you a litel privit infermashun 2 the effeckt that we-unses wuz gittin reddy 2 go 2 Flordy. Wel, we goed or went or comed or came, as the case may be. Ennyhow, we got heer, an we air heer yit. But we wont be heer mutch longer ef we can git away.

The fust thing we done wuz 2 advertise a publick sale ov awl our pussonal property, household goods, live stock an so 4th, includin the follerin:

1 muley kow
1 ole gra mare
2 louzy pigs
8 houn dogs
3 shot guns
1 eye-hoe that Granpap used in 1840
1 home-made sled
1 skillet an led
1 broken plow stock
1 gorde ov sope-greese
1 rusty kook stove
1 wooden churn
The straw out ov 2 fethur beds
1 websters spellin book
6 blumes allmynecks
1 barrul ov ole shuze
1 wall motto sayin "Gosh Whot a Home."

At the kloze ov the sale we had jist enuff munny 2 by a 1915 Ford skeeter an a fue gallons ov gas, an rashins 2 doo us a week.

So nex mornin we piled the rashins an a fue ole bed quilts in2 the skeeter. Maw got in the box behind, an me an Paw got in the seet, an away we went, feelin bigger than Rockyfeller duz when he starts 2 Flordy. It wuz the fust time we-unses had ever ownd a ort2beamule, an it made us feel purty big. It dident look jist like the one whot Johndee travels in, but it wuz awl rite fer a beginnin an we thawt that with sich a good start we wood soon ketch up with Johndee.

Me an Paw driv turn about. Fust, i driv awhile an paw he sot by me an tole me how. Then paw he driv awhile an i tole him how. An ef thar wuz ennything that we both dident kno about it, maw she wuz rite thar 2 tell us.

We got along fine. Dident turn over but 3 times the fust day, an we dident hav no tire trubble at awl til we got way down in South Kerliny. Then awl at wunst "Ker-spiz-z-z!" it went, an we had a flat tire. I got out an lookt, an sarn-take my time ef we hadnt run over a Fool-Killer. Sumbody had drapped it in the road, an it wuz the sharp things in it that punkcherd the tire. Atter that we wuz keerful not 2 run over no more Fool-Killers.

We went on, as Opel sez. At nitefall we driv out in2 the woods, et sum ov our grub, rapped up in the ole quilts an slep till mornin. Nex mornin as sune as we kood see how 2 drive we hit the trale agin. Me an paw wuz both sorter fed up on drivin by that time, an maw she sed she wanted 2 drive awhile. The road wuz good an the skeeter wuz runnin like a—a—oh, sorter like a Ford.

Well, maw she krawld in under the wheel an paw he tuck the seet beside her, while i got in the box behind. Paw shode her which wuz the gas leever, an explaned the diffurnce between goin fards an runnin backerds.

Zip! We wuz off 2 a flyin start, an every side ov the road wuz ourn. When anuther kar saw us a-kummin it dident dispute the rite ov way, but giv us the hole road. Maw wuz feelin her otes an wuz proud that she kood maik em gi out ov the way. Awl at wunst we found ourselves up in the air an kummin down bottum side upperds about 20 feet from the road. Forchinately, nun ov us wuz hurt. We awl lit on our feet an kawt the skeeter on our backs, so we only had 2 set it down rite side up an crawl in, an we wuz reddy fer travlin. But we coodent git maw 2 tech that steerin wheel enny more.

We slep in a kow shed wun nite when it looked like rainin but dident. An then we slep in the open wun nite when it dident look like rainin, but did.

But we dident hav no more trubble 2 speek ov til we got nearly 2 the Flordy line. Then we seen a de-tower sine, an it sed that a bridg ahed wuz broke down. So we de-towered. I reckin we de-towered a leetle 2 mutch, kaze when we found ourselves we wuz plum lost. The road we wuz in jist stopped an turned back. We watched it til it got out ov site, an then we turned back an follered it. Finully, atter ramlin around nearly awl day, we kum 2 a sine bord whot put us rite. But, lo an behole, we wuz out ov gas, an no fillin stashun in site. That wuz the wust luck yit. Maw sed she wood pull off her red pettykote an flag down the fust kar or truck whot kum in site an we wood git sum gas. But the fust thing whot kum in site wuzent a kar ner truck nuther. It wuz the meenest lookin bull kow i ever seen. He wuz grazin in the woods an dident pay no attenshun til he seen that red pettykote, an then he kum at us with his neck bowed like he wood gore the gore out ov us. An thar we sot with an empty tank, unabul 2 moov a inch. But we did moov. Ile say we did. When that bull's hed hit the back eend ov the skeeter we dident need enny gas. We wuz travlin rite then an thar. I grabbed the steerin wheel an yelled back at maw 2 keep on shakin the red pettykote at the bull. Maw shuck an the bull pushed an i driv, an paw he jist lade back an lafft like he wood bust. When the bull shode sines ov gittin tired an quittin, i wood yell at maw 2 shake harder, an that bull wooo go in2 hi agin quicker than you kood say skat.

We went on that way til plum sundown, makin purty good speed, 2, an i reckin that bull saved us at least 3 galluns ov gas. Finally we got back in2 the mane road an run in2 a little town, whur the polees wuz about 2 arest us fer speedin. But luck wuz with us that time. The poleesman wuz ridin a red moter sickel, an the bull instantly deserted us an tuck atter the poleesman. That wuz the last we ever seen ov either ov em. I dont kno whether the poleesman arested the bull or whether the bull arested the poleesman.

On makin inquiry in that town we diskivered that we wuz awl reddy in Flordy. Hooray! In Flordy! Awl we had 2 do now wuz 2 go out an git rich. But we desided 2 put off gittin rich till mornin, as we wood need daylite 2 kount our munny.

I wuz a goin 2 tell you how we got rich, but this letter iz gittin 2 long, so I will hav 2 put off tellin you that til nex time.

Yores trewly,
BILLY BONEHEAD.

ONE CENT EACH

Say, Mister Subscriber, ain't you got two or three dozen friends who are not taking The Fool-Killer, but who ought to be taking it? Sure you have. Then lemme tell you what you do: Send me the names and addresses of a whole raft of these friends ,and enclose one cent for each name (to help pay expenses) and I will send each person a copy of the paper at once. Then you can drop around and take their subscriptions for a year and send in a big club. The one cent I am asking for with each name is to pay for having one copy sent to these people. Then when they read one copy they will want more. Just try it and see.

Don't fail to read Billy Bonehead's letter about his trip to Florida. Billy is having the time of his life down there, and you will be interested to know how it all turns out.

CORRESPONDENCE

MRS. F. C. OVERCASH, R. 5, Mooresville, N. C.—Please send The Fool-Killer to me for another year. I have been taking it for six years, and will continue as long as I can rake up the price. As you know, money is scarce with poor folks, but your paper is worth 25 cents and then some. I have been trying to help you all I can. It is impossible for me to go around and get up clubs, therefore I have been sending my old Fool-Killers by mail to my friends, although I would like to keep them. The last issue sure was fine.

BARTON TROWBRIDGE, R. 5, Muncie, Ind.—I sure was glad to receive The Fool-Killer once more. This issue certainly is a good one. Hope you will have great success with it in the future. I have another bunch of subs to send in. I enclose 17 names and $2.55 to pay for them. Send me a few sample copies and I might be able to get you some more subs.

W. R. BRITT, Vernon, Kans.—Well, Mr. Pearson, why can't we have a weekly Fool-Killer? It don't come often enough to suit me.

J. W. HOOKS, Eastman, Ga.—I want you to send me 20 copies of The Fool-Killer each month until further notice.

JOSEPH L. PATRICK, P. O. Box 182, Keystone, Okla.—Find enclosed postoffice money order for $1.00, and I want the worth of it in March Fool-Killers. I do love to hand them out. It is fun, as well as good dope to open people's eyes. So many are blind, because they read nothing but their daily papers, and they don't give us the truth if they can find anything else to give us. Now, Pearson, I am near my journey's end on this mundane sphere. What will soon be my portion I just can't say for sure. Going blind, and deaf, and stumble mightily when walking. Fall, get up, rub my shins, and pull ahead again. You bet it does my old soul good to be called "The Fool-Killer Man." Am 83 and feel like a boy when I am handing-out The Fool-Killer.

J. LEE PROFFITT, R. 1, Amherst, Va.—You will find in this letter 25 cents for a year's subscription to The Fool-Killer. I got a copy of it from one of my friends, and it was so good I can't do without it.

L. O. STONE, Moline, Ill.—Business ought to be good in your line, judging from the number of fools that are running around loose. We, the ten undersigned, wish you to practice on us for one year, so you will find enclosed the price of the treatment.

V. T. BALLINGER, Richmond, Ind.—I knew my subscription was about expired ,so I thought as I could not get along without The Fool-Killer myself, I ought to get up a club and let others enjoy it too. As a result I have a small club which it took just about one hour to get.

J. R. RISTANE, Joplin, Mo.—With the help of a friend I am enclosing another list—fifteen this time. They think The Fool-Killer might help to keep their brains working right for the next year.

J. T. MANNING, Greenville, N. C.—I got a copy of your paper from my brother, and liked it so well that I am sending you a list of a few of my friends that you may send them your paper for a year.

The Fool-Killer

Monthly—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

Vol. XIV. Wilkesboro, North Carolina, May, 1926. No. 3.

TUNE IN! LISTEN!

Hello, folkses! Howdy - do! How is everybody and all of his kinfolks? This is station FK, Wilkesboro, N. C., on the air—your Uncle Pearson broadcasting. Everybody come up close so you can hear good, because I want to pour some choice and well-selected language into your think-boxes, and I want you to get every word of it.

Now, honey-bunches ,if you are all ready and waiting, I will turn on the chin-music. I'm not quite in the mood for writing today, and so I'll just talk. I can usually write better than I can talk, but it seems to be just the other way this time, and so you'll just have to let me rattle on till I run dry, and I don't know how long that will be. Just at this minute I seem to be pretty well loaded with things I would like to say, and if I don't get stage fright or some other fatal disease I may just rattle on all day.

* * *

I've got a sort of confession to make. For the last few months I have been sorter betwixt and between, as Shakespeare says, not knowing exactly what sort of heads needed cracking the worst, nor what sort of a club I had better use to do the cracking. And it ain't quite clear to me yet, so I am calling on you folks to help me decide.

I reckon that you have noticed that I am a sort of two-sided feller in some respects. Not two-faced, mind you. I don't mean that. But two-sided, which is a different matter entirely. I don't want to be like Mr. Facing-Both-Ways in Pilgrim's Progress, and I don't want to be a Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. Hope nobody thinks I am akin to them fellers. But I reckon it is a fact that I've got a serious streak and a funny streak sorter mixed and blended into me till you can't hardly tell tuther from which. I always knew I had the serious and studious element in me, but I never even suspected the funny streak until about the time I started The Fool-Killer. I can't remember the time when I didn't want to be a writer, but I never had any notion of trying to become known as a "funny writer." That was the last thing I would have thougth about. But when I started The Fool-Killer I gradually dropped into droll mannerisms and used a few home-made expressions that seemed to tickle the folks, and the next thing I knew I was a famous "funny man" like Bill Nye and Mark Twain. Even some of the big magazines in New York and elsewhere have referred to me as a well-known humorous writer, and it turns out that I have got more fame in that direction than I ever expected. And all because I used a little drollery to penetrate the thick skulls of the people and teach them some common sense. And now, having got the reputation of being funny, it is the hardest thing in the world to live it down or to get away from it when I want to be serious about something. But there are times when I want to get entirely away from the "funny" side of things and just hammer the cold hard facts into the half-witted world with a two-handed club with spikes in it.

* * *

But still some folks insist that I am a "funny" writer, and they demand that I live up to my reputation. Which is a big order, if you want my opinion. But I have been trying my doggondest to do it, and the result hasn't been quite satisfactory. You see, it has caused me to get a mixed following—one crowd that don't care for anything but fun and foolishness, and another crowd that wants me to dive into the deep and serious problems of life and give them some straight common sense without any bibs and tuckers on it.

In other words, there is a shallow crowd that wants shallow thinking, and there is a deep crowd that wants deep thinking. And to please both of these crowds is the problem.

* * *

Now, folks, the question is this: What sort of a Fool-Killer do you want? Do you want a regular monkey-shine funny paper with nothing else to it? Or do you prefer some good serious common sense with just enough fun to flavor it? My notion is that you prefer the serious common sense, (flavored to taste, as the cook-book says), and that's what I had much rather give you. Oh, I'll put in plenty of the flavoring, don't you fret, but what I mean is that I want to handle real serious subjects—things that are living and vital issues in the lives of the people—and I want to feel free to do that without stopping every minute to think of some cross-legged fool expression to drag in. Let the laughs come when they come naturally and fit in all right, but let's not break our fool necks trying to strain after them. That's my notion. Do you indorse it? And will you stand up to the rack and help me fight it out on that line till victory comes? Everybody who is willing to do that, say I. The I's have it, and it is so ordered.

* * *

And now the next question is this: Among the many real and vital issues now before the people ,which one do you think is of the most general interest and importance? I have come to believe that some phase of the RELIGIOUS issue touches more people in a tender spot than anything else. I used to devote most of The Fool-Killer's space to questions of religion and theology, presenting the arguments from my unorthodox standpoint. In those days I got up a great interest and a big hooraw among the folks. Some were for me and some against me, and everybody on both sides was ready to fight at the drop of a hat, and we were having just the nicest sort of a little fuss all the time.

* * *

But it came to pass later that other people got an interest in the paper, and then I was no longer free to express myself in the free and flat-footed way I had been doing. I had to sorter ease up, you see, in order to not offend those who were financially connected with the paper. It was an awkward position to be in, and left me just "dancing on the air," as I once expressed it, and not able to take a firm and fearless stand on anything. The idea in the minds of the others was to make a "funny paper" and not take any stand on disputed questions. But I never did believe it would work . I could always get better results by having opinions about things and saying just what I thought in plain language. I never did entirely give up the right to express myself, but I surrendered more than I wanted to and more than was good for the paper.

And all the time I have been seeing that many of my best friends and club-getters were disappointed, and that they wanted more of my "theological stuff" like I used to give them. They have made this very plain in their letters, and some of them entirely lost interest because I got away from the thing that kept their interest alive.

I see the point, and I hope you folks see it, too. The point is that just now men and women are more interested in religious and theological questions than in anything else. This may not seem to be true at first glance, but it is. Approach a man that you might think is not interested in anything at all, and begin to pump him on religion or theology, and you will soon start something. Whether he agrees or disagerees with you he will show interest, and in either case he is good material to work on.

* * *

Even the agnostics and infidels are terribly interested in religious questions. Their interest consists in wanting to discredit religion, deny the existence of God, and heap reproach upon the Bible. But the curious fact is that they are all the time talking about the thing that they say isn't worth talking about. For instance, there is E. Haldeman-Julius, of Girard, Kansas. He is a very brilliant man and a greatly gifted writer and editor . He seems to have dedicated his life to the task of destroying God and all belief in anything that is called religion. Every week he tries to prove in his able way that God never did exist, and yet he goes right on trying to destroy something that never existed. The point is that the infidels are talking religion from their standpoint. They are helping to advertise it. And they are living witnesses to the fact that religion, in its various phases, is the livest question of the day.

The infidels are a small minority. Nearly all people believe in the existence of a God and have some sort of belief in the Bible. But generally they are all befuddled about it and can't give any intelligent reason for the faith that is in them. That's what gives the infidel his chance. He sees that the priesthood and the clergy have wilfully mis-led the people and fattened on their ignorance and superstition, and he says so. Of course that is true, and right there is the most prolific source of doubt and infidelity among the people. What we need is some sort of leadership and teaching that will expose and condemn the false teachers of theology and at the same time point out the true and reasonable path for the people to follow.

* * *

I am in rather close touch with a good many of the leading writers and thinkers of the country, and almost without exception they are agnostics or infidels. What made them so? Nothing in the world but the false and blasphemous theology which was crammed down their throats in childhood, and which they had sense enough to spew out when they got older. They believed that stuff to be all there was of religion, because that was all they were taught. Having learned in later life how they were swindled and imposed upon in the name of religion, it is quite natural that they would reject everything that called itself religion. I don't wonder at it at all. And I don't condemn them

Continued on page 2.

NOTICE!

If this paragraph is marked with a RED pencil, it means that your OLD subscription has expired. But if you have lately sent in your renewal, then you may disregard the notice.

THE FOOL-KILLER

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

Published monthly at Wilkesboro, N. C.

J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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HOW TO SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS

When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order, or check to cover same, and your own name and address as club sender, is enough. But remember this: Please do not send poorly or carelessly written lists, as they are very difficult to make out, and if we cannot make them out correctly the subscribers will not get their papers. Always have the lists typewriten if possible, and in case you cannot do that, please print out the names and addresses in printing letters with pen or pencil. This is very important.

If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper. Never mix subscription orders with other matters in the body of a letter. And always remember to write on one side of the paper only. Never write on both sides of the paper. This also is very important.

In ordering your address changed, always give the old address as well as the new. That is terribly important.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Let's Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the ink press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with jumor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

A good Baptist brother told me the other day that I must not accept anything as Bible doctrine unless it was plainly stated in Bible words. And yet he accepts "Immortal Soul," which is not found anywhere in the Bible. People are quare things, anyhow.

Continued from page 1.

for it as much as some people do. In fact, I have a rather large respect for their independence. The only thing I regret about it is that they were not taught the Truth from the beginning. Then they would not have been under the necessity of feeling swindled and cheated in the name of religion, and they would not have lost faith in the institution of religion as a whole.

* * *

Well, we've got this far without any accident, and if you are still awake and able to listen we'll go right on . I want to tell you now about my plan for getting back onto the old track and turning The Fool-Killer's attention mostly to theological questions. If you remember, I used to open my columns to people of other beliefs and allow them to state the case in the very best way they could, and then I would answer their arguments in my own way. I've got a notion that I would like to do that again. So here's what I propose to do. I will make The Fool-Killer an "open forum"—a sort of public debate in print—where ANYBODY may express ANY VIEW and have the article printed just as it is written. With the understanding, of course, that I shall have the privilege of answering it as I see fit. The only rules I make are these: The writer must be able to state his case intelligently, and he must not be abusive or quarrelsome. He must have the same respect for the opinions of others that he expects others to have for his opinions. And I shall try to keep the paper well balanced, printing in each issue some articles on all sides of the question under discussion. Of course my space is limited and I can't print long-winded and uninteresting articles, and I can't promise to print letters from ignorant cranks and crazy people who think they are smarter than anybody else.

* * *

And I think another good idea will be to take up the disputed questions one at a time and thrash them out till somebody gets whipped or till everybody is willing to quit, and then take up another one. And so on. I guess there are enough disputed questions lying around loose to keep us busy for a good while. I wouldn't dare to say that we will always confine ourselves to theological questions. No doubt other things will bob up that will need some attention, and when we get properly started and all our massive brains hitting on about eight cylinders, I guess we can put the finishing touches on just any problem that may arise.

* * *

The first question? Well, that depends. If I can have my way about it, the first question to be thrashed out will be the Immortality of the Soul. And closely connected with that is another—Eternal Torment. In reality, they are not two questions, but one, and the answer to the first one also answers the second. Therefore we may find it necessary to handle them together. They are the Siamese Twins of theology, and if you kill one of them the other will die. My position, of course, is that the soul is NOT immortal; that immortality is a conditional thing and that only the righteous will EVER have it; and that there is not, never has been, and never will be such a place as the orthodox hell of eternal torment. These two standard beliefs of orthodoxy are both unscriptural, unreasonable, unscientific and unthinkable. They can only exist by feeding on ignorance, prejudice and superstition. Turn on the light of truth and reason—actually get the people to thinking—and those old Siamese Twin delusions will fade away and be numbered with Witchcraft and other delusions of the Dark Ages.

* * *

Now please put out the word among your orthodox friends—preachers and all — that The Fool-Killer is to be from now on an "open forum" in which ANYBODY may state any side or angle of the case ,and the only requirements are these: They must have education and intelligence enough to write correctly and to express their views in a straight - forward and understandable manner; they must be able to show up their side of it to the best possible advantage; and they must never get mad and use abusive language. With these rules observed, I will accept and use as many articles as I can find room for in my limited space, and I will try to treat everybody with fairness and impartiality. The entire body of readers will be the judges, and each reader will form his own opinion as to which is getting the best of the argument. If enough interest is shown in this sort of a "public debate" and if the subscription receipts justify it I might enlarge the paper and make more room. That will depend on you folks out on the "firing line." You will have to help if the thing is to be a success.

* * *

Many people will subscribe for The Fool-Killer when it is known that it contains THEIR arguments who would not subscribe for just MY views. It will still be a mixed audience, of course, but it will be folks who are all interested in different sides of the same thing, and that will hold them together and keep up the interest.

* * *

Another very live question just now is Evolution, and I don't think it will do any harm to have a free and open discussion of it in The Fool-Killer. So if you want to argue either for or against Evelution, just roll up your sleeves and go to it. But remember it is a subject that needs a great deal of study and preparation in order to handle it wisely. So if you haven't made a long and careful study of ALL SIDES of evolution, you had better let it alone.

* * *

Here is a sample of the kind of confused thinking that is done by the orthodox theologians. I take the following extracts from an obituary written by an able and earnest Methodist minister in memory of a member of his church who died recently. In speaking of the moment when the man died, the writer says that he

"threw off the clouds of death's darkness and sprang forth into the morning of eternal light—associated with the angelic convoy to enter the nightless world where pain and sorrow are no more."

Further on he says:

"Man is a Trinity, body, mind and spirit."

Again:

"From a theory of annihilation of any kind man's whole being revolts."

And then he ends up with this:

"No; man shall lose nothing in the dissolution we call death; but beyond the long, long night of waiting, the dream will come true."

Do you see any inconsistency in those quotations? Notice that the first one says that his deceased friend sprang forth into the morning of eternal light—that he entered the nightless world, and so forth. Then in the last one he says that beyond the long, long night of waiting the dream will come true. What does he mean? There is no way of knowing what he intended to

Continued on page 3.

STATEMENT

of ownership, management, circulation, etc., as required by the Act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Wilkesboro ,N. C., for April, 1926: .....

Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, Publisher and Sole Owner—James Larkin Pearson, Wilkesboro, N. C.

—JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 5th day of April, 1926.

E. P. ROBINSON,
Notary Public.

My Commission expires Mar. 22, 1928.

BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS

This is a little book of verses written by Cora Wallace Pearson, the wife of James Larkin Pearson. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed and has a picture of the author. Will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and will also throw in for good measure another little book which gives a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25c. Order today—right now. Address: Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

PEARSON'S POEMS

By James Larkin Pearson

The complete collected poems of the editor of this paper. Over 300 poems in all, covering a wide range of subjects, and handled as only Pearson can handle them. The book is now ready and on sale to the public, and every reader of The Fool-Killer should have a copy. About 375 pages, 6x9, printed on heavy book paper, and nicely bound in dark green cloth with title in gold. Weighs nearly two pounds. Portrait of author and complete index. Price $2.10 postpaid. Send orders to: James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

Continued from page 2.

say, for he first says one thing and then turns right around and denies it. If a man has entered into a morning of eternal light—into a nightless world—then how could there be for him any "long, long night of waiting?" Why can't the man see that his two statements contradict e a c h other? If one is true the other is certainly not true. Then which must we believe? Must we understand that man is alive and happy in a bright world of joy where there is no night or darkness? Or must we believe that he is waiting in a long, long night?

Now the writer of the above quotations is a fine Christian gentleman of the very best type, and he is popular with all classes of people. He is the kind of man that people just can't help liking, and I wouldn't hurt his feelings for anything. But you see what sort of a jumble he makes when he tries to express himself on theology. The reason is that he has been brought up on the "immortal soul" idea, and the teachers of that belief never allow their students to see but one side of it—if they can help it. So this good man has only studied one side of the question, and it has never entered his mind that there COULD be another way of looking at it. That's what is the matter with the theological world — too much one - sided teaching and a refusal to submit their theories to the light of investigation.

And again, what does my Methodist friend mean when he says that man is a Trinity—body, mind and spirit? Most of them say there is a "soul" that comes into it somewhere, but he does not mention the soul at all. He probably used the word "spirit" intending it to mean the same thing as "soul." He probably thinks that the two words can be used interchangeably. But if he will dig into his reference works if he has any, or if he will come to my house and examine mine, he will soon discover that "soul" and "spirit" are two different words, that they come from different originals in the Hebrew and Greek, and they NEVER mean the same thing. If a man is composed of three things—body, mind and spirit—then he certainly hasn't any soul, for a soul, in that event, would be a FOURTH element in man's make-up. More confusion! How in the world can sensible people go on pretending to believe that sort of stuff and refusing to see that there is no sense in it?

Now let us see about our Methodist friend's notion of annihilation. He says: "From a theory of annihilation of any kind man's whole being revolts." That is true, but not consistent. According to that the Methodist brother seems to think that annihilation would be a very great and terrible punishment. Which is true again, but not consistent. I have heard many people argue that annihilation—just to be blotted out and not exist any more forever—would n o t be any punishment at all. I have heard it argued that people wouldn't mind that a bit ,and that they would go on and be just as mean as possible. But here is a preacher who says that annihilation is such a terrible punishment that man's whole being revolts from it. But he don't say anything about "revolting" from his pet theory of eternal torment. I reckon he don't do any revolting against that. He seems to consider it just the nicest sort of a little punishment and a whole lot more desirable than annihilation. My! my! The idea that a man could "revolt" against annihilation and at the same time stand up and preach eternal torment in a burning hell! Folks, I tell you there is something terribly wrong with such a theology. What do YOU think about it?

* * *

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

The following suggestions are offered as a first move in getting our "public debate" started. This will show you some of the different angles from which the subjects may be treated:

Is there an Immortal Soul in man—a part of man that can't die, and that even God could not kill?

Where do these Immortal Souls come from, and when and how do they get into people? Were they all made at one time before the beginning of the world and packed away in a big storage room in heaven? And when a human baby is about to be born on earth, does God go or send an angel to that storage room and pick out a soul and bring to it? Does it enter the baby's body at birth? Or before birth? And how long before birth?

Is the Soul created at the time the body is created? If so, does the physical development of the body have any thing to do with creating the soul?

Some people say that the Soul is the "divine part" of the human being. Whatever is divine is bound to be perfect and sinless. Then how could any soul sin? And how could anything that is divine be sent to hell and tormented?

Is there such a place as the orthodox hell of eternal torment?

Has there ever been such a place in the past?

Will there ever be such a place in the future?

Do immortal souls go to heaven or hell at the death of the body?

If so, are they judged before they go?

If they are not judged before they go, how does God know which place to send them to?

If God does judge them at death, or if He knows where to send them without judging, where is there any room or any use for a future judgment?

Regardless of what we all believe about the soul, we all agree that the body is not immortal now. No fact in nature is more firmly established than the fact that the body is mortal and does die. There is no disagreement about that. Then how, when, and by what means will the bodies of men become immortal? Through believing on Jesus Christ, did you say? All right. That answers the question as to the righteous; but what about the wicked—those who refuse to believe on Jesus Christ? Will their bodies be made immortal, too?

If the bodies of the wicked are not to be made immortal in some way, how are they going to live eternally in torment?

If a man's soul is in hell while his body is in the grave, what will happen at the resurrection? Will the soul get out of hell and come back to earth to get its body? Or will the dead body go to hell to join the soul?

Did God intend in the beginning that people should live on the earth for a little while and then go off to a heaven beyond the stars?

If Adam and Eve had never sinned, would they ever have gone to heaven? It was sin that brought death into the world, and without sin they wouldn't have died at all. And without dying they couldn't have gone to heaven. But after they did sin they couldn't go to heaven nohow, but had to go to the other place. So where was there ever any chance for them to go to heaven in either case?

Where are Adam and Eve right now? Are they saved or lost?

What will be the final fate of all the countless milions of heathen who have lived and died during the past ages without ever having a chance to hear the gospel or to believe on Christ? If they can be saved without Christ, what is the use to have a Christ? Why wouldn't it be better to let everybody die in heathen darkness and be saved that way? But if they are lost, where is the justice of sending them to endless torment without giving them a chance? Then again, if all the numberless heathen are finally and forever lost, there will not be more than one out of a hundred of the world's population saved. Is an all powerful God going to let His creation go into bankruptcy like that and come out at the little end of the horn? Is God going to admit that a little up-start devil can butt in and spoil all of His plans?

* * *

These are just a few of the questions that will come up for consideration as we go along, and I warn you now that some of them are going to be mighty hard to answer—from the orthodox standpoint. And yet they are all sensible questions, and a correct answer to them is necessary to a proper understanding of the Bible and God's great Plan of the Ages. Hustle around and stir up the folks. Get everybody to reading and talking about these questions, and get all your ablest writers busy preparing articles for The Fool-Killer.

* * *

I see that our old friend Conan Doyle has busted loose again with some more of his Spookology nonsense. You know Conan, I reckon. He used to be the official pappy of Sherlock Holmes and the author of several interesting yarns. But a few years ago Conan got bit with the Spiritualist bug and he has never had right plum good sense after that. He has been rooting around in the dark corners and trying to scrape up an acquaintance with all the old "disembodied spirits" that he could hear tell of. He makes that same old blunder about spirits and souls being the same thing. He has twisted a whole lot of "spirits" out of satan's holler log and got them to squeaking around sorter like young mice, and he thinks they are the "immortal souls" of human beings that have lived and died here on earth. And Conan goes into a dark room and makes noises like scraping burnt cabbages out of a pot, and then comes back out and tells us that he talked with the "spirits."

And now the news comes that Sherlock's pappy has writ a new novel in which he depicts the mysteries of Spiritism in the form of fiction. As if it wasn't fiction to start with. And he has named his story "The Land of Mist." "Mist" is right. There is so much "mist" about it that the reader can't see anything else, and of course there is nothing else to see. He drags his characters around in dark rooms like a jack-leg photographer trying to take a picture of the "ache" in a decayed tooth, and has some of them tear their spiritual night-shirts over old rusty nails in the dark corners. And when the reader gets done following them around and listening to their crazy mumblings he feels like his head had been

Continued on page 4.

Club Rates

In Clubs of Five or more, 15c

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, WILKESBORO, N. C.

Continued from page 3.

dipped into a swill barrel and then filled up with clabbered moonshine. It is a serious matter when men like Conan Doyle and Oilver Lodge lose their heads completely and trot off after the witch-doctors and believe their lying tales. Those two men used to have common sense, but now if sense was dynamite they wouldn't have enough to blow their heads off.

* * *

Am I talking all day? Well, you are still listening, and I can stand it as long as you can. There is always plenty more to say, and the words seem to come into my mouth faster than I can spit 'em out.

* * *

Changing the subject, how do you like the North Pole? Or have they passed it around for you to taste of yet? Two different bunches of explorers have recently slipped up on the Pole while it was asleep and tied its legs together so it can't get away any more. Dr. Cook first found the Pole, and then Dr. Peary found it, but they both neglected to tie it to a tree so it would stay there. The result was that the next time anybody went in search of it they had to hunt all over the north end of the world, and they finally found it sleeping on an iceberg with its head under its wing and dreaming about the price of real estate in Florida. The explorers didn't see any dirt at the Pole except what they had under their finger nails, but the ice is just fine and nobody there to enjoy it. Capt. Amundsen aims to go back next week and lay off the ice into lots and start a "development." It is thought that some of the real estate dealers who have about petered out in Florida can be induced to open offices at the North Pole and help to get a boom started. A regular schedule of airship service will be put on at once and a million dollar hotel will be finished by the end of summer. A rich Jew has already arranged to start a moving picture theater; Ford is going to open a garage and service station; and William Randolph Hearst is going to start a newspaper called The North Pole Liar and run for president of the Arctic Sea. Oh, things are booming up around the Pole, and the next thing we know the seals and sea-hosses will all be civilized church members and know how to cuss and chaw terbacker.

* * *

Pop! Bang! Here comes two pieces of news about two movements as directly opposite as you could well imagine. First pop, here is a bunch of atheistic students in a big Northern university who have banded themselves together into an Atheistic Club and they call themselves by the rather profane name of "Damned Souls," and they have started a campaign for the spread of Atheism. They have probably got their inspiration from Haldeman-Julius, and their expressed object is to "prove the necessity of Atheism and to abolish a belief in God and all religions based upon such belief." Second bang—news comes from Atlanta, Ga., the birthplace and capital of Ka-KaKadom, that some of the chosen ones have started a new secret shebang called the "Supreme Kingdom." It also charges ten dollars for membership and I don't know what sort of a night shirt it wears, but its openly expressed purpose is to gag, bind and hog-tie the public and force God and the Bible down their throats whether or not. It proposes to be just as hide-bound and unreasonable on religious matters as the KaKaKa is on other things. If it can have its way there will not be any religious freedom in this country, but everybody must open their shoulders and say yum-yum while the head knocker of the "supreme kingdom" pours in his ready-made theology—which will beyond all doubt include Immortal Soul and Eternal Torment. The movement is tracking right along after Bryan and the Dayton Monkey Trial, and it proposes to enforce its particular brand of religion by the rack and thumb-screw method like old Rome used to do and would like to do again. Now, if you want my opinion, these two sensational movements—the "Damned Souls" and the "Supreme Kingdom"—are pretty good matches. One is just as far-fetched and foolish as the other, and people with ordinary common sense will not take up with either of them. The little Atheistic bunch is harmless, of course, because its influence will be so limited. Nobody will notice them except to give them a pitying glance, and they will soon be forgotten. But the religious fanatics are more dangerous because they have greater numbers and greater influence. They are whooping it up for a cause which in itself is entirely good, so long as it can be kept free from ignorance and intolerance. But any so-called "religious" crusade which is fathered and led by ignorant fanatics is more dangerous than a loaded gun in the hands of a crazy man.

* * *

Why, people, I tell you this whole Anti-Evolution uprising which is assuming such formidable proportions in the South is about the least creditable thing to which we can point. These fanatics who want to pass anti-evolution laws in every state are mostly honest and well-meaning folks, and I agree with some of the beliefs that they hold, and I disagree with some of the things that the other side teaches. But, sakes alive, that isn't any way to go at it. God isn't such a weak and helpless creature that He has to be defended in that way. The truth can stand on its own feet and is always able to defend itself. Any belief that is based on a firm foundation of truth has no reason to fear the light. It welcomes investigation. If evolution is not true, the best way to find it out is to study it and see. The more we learn about it the better able we will be to judge whether it is true or false. It is a fact that nearly all the educated people are for it, anyhow, and it seems rather out of place for the ignorant mob to set up a howl and pretend that they know more than the scholars. Maybe they do. But their cave-man methods are not calculated to win friends among intelligent people. They say, "Here is Genesis. Just take what it says and stop there. Don't go any further. Don't ask any questions. Don't investigate. We are afraid that if the teachings of science are studied they might convince somebody. In other words, we are afraid that the scientists have got a stronger case than we have, and our safest bet is to prevent the teaching of scientific theories."

* * *

That is all wrong. Just imagine how it sounds for you to go to an educated man and say, "Here, you are a great scholar—you know more than we do—we want you to teach our school. But wait—here's what you must teach——," and then you go ahead and outline all the things that must be taught and the things that must not be taught in your school. Why, you poor fool—if you know so much and can give orders like that, what did you call the other man for? Why didn't you go ahead and do the teaching yourself? If you know more than the teacher, then why in the name of Pete don't you BE the teacher?

I am not arguing FOR evolution, and I am not exactly arguing AGAINST it. My opinion is that it is a subject that needs to be studied a good deal more before there is so much big-mouthed talk about it.

IDIOTORIALS

Now is the time to join The Fool-Killer's theological debate. If you are smart, or even THINK yon are smart, just come ahead.

If we are going to have a God at all, let us have one that we can approach with respect and reverence. The brutal God of the creeds can only arouse in men feelings of fear, hatred and suspicion.

Poland is again calling on Paderewski, the famous piano punisher, to restore harmony in her disrupted government. Why not? Ain't he been producing harmony all his life? Then he is the very feller to call on.

In the matter of using their heads to think with, people may be divided into four clases, thus: Some know, some think, others only think they think, and still others don't think anything about thinking.

The Southern Baptist Convention at Houston, Texas, resoluted against Evolution. But Dr. Poteat is still on the job at Wake Forest College. Unless all signs fail there is going to be a hot time in the old South pretty soon, with melted language and monkey hair dripping from the horns of the moon.

CORRESPONDENCE

MRS. M. H. BARNES, South Bay, Fla.—I received a sample copy of your little paper last night, and I feel as if I knew you already, so thoroughly do I agree with you. It is very unusual to find a man or woman in this part of the country who believes as I do, so you know I feel very much alone. Next to The American Appeal, your paper is the best ever. Enclosed find 25 cents for a year's subscription.

****

C. S. PARMER, Apache, Okla.—Dear Mr. Pearson: You will find enclosed money order for accompanying list of subs. I sent in a list about a year ago, and my time is about out, so here comes another list with my name included. The Fool-Killer is the best paper I ever saw. I noticed one of your subscribers said he wished the paper came once a week. I don't—I wish it was a daily paper instead. You may send me some extra copies if you will and I will get another list soon. It didn't take me thirty minutes to get this one. So just stay right with it and I will do all I can for you. Everybody ought to take The Fool-Killer; it is simply a sure cure for the blues.

****

O .W. HAMILTON, Dawson, Ala.—Dear Mr. Pearson: I have just read a copy of your little paper, The Fool-Killer, which came to me in the mail. After reading it I found that you are in the light and walking in the light, and therefore I have decided to help you spread that light by sending you five subscribers to said paper. We need men today who have backbone enough to bring all rotten theories into the court of open discussion and contend for truth. We know that truth today is unpopular, and the man who contends for it is not a popular man in the eyes of the world, but what does that matter? We must get away from the world if we find Christ, immortality, have part in the first resurrection, and a home in the earth made new when Christ comes to earth to immortalize his faithful few. I am satisfied that your paper will be read and enjoyed by all the list I am sending. I am yours for truth now and all the time.

****

W. M. MILLIS, 1334 Virginia Ave., Joplin, Mo.—The sample copy you sent me has borne a little fruit, and I hope every sample copy you send me will do as well as this one. You know I used to be one of your helpers. I sent you subscriptions once in awhile. Then the war came and I lost your address, but you don't know how glad I was to hear from you again, and to know that you are still in the paper business. And I hope you will succeed in the future as you have never before, and that your future will be nothing but a success. It gives me the greatest of pleasure to help you what little I can. So you see I have got five subs for you. Hope I can do this wel every wek for the rest of the year . So I send my best regards to to you and your family. (Say, fellers, that's the way to talk. That's the sort of chin-music I want to hear from all you folks out over the face of Uncle Sam's domain. Give me a thousand friends and helpers like W. M. MILLIS and I will just about clean up the patch in a little while. That's all it takes—team work and lots of it. Now who else wil join the Club-a-week Club which Mr. Millis has started? Hurry, hurry, hooray!—Pearson.)

The Fool-Killer

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GOD AND THE DEVIL

It must be that all this talk about God and the devil being enemies is all a mistake. They surely must be purty good friends. If orthodoxy is true, it proves that God and the devil are business partners and working together on perfectly good terms. It proves that God has great respect for the devil and considers him perfectly honest and reliable. If not, then I want somebody to please tell me how it happens that God has appointed the devil to such an important position.

If there is a hell such as the creeds teach, God must have made it.

And if God made a hell, He must have had a use for it.

And if God had a use for hell, He must have wanted it run right.

And in order to get it run right He would naturally need a good honest devil whom He could trust. You know very well that He wouldn't have turned the place over bodily to His bitterest enemy.

The creeds tell us that an old fellow by the name of Satan Devil is the boss of hell—that he keeps the fires chunked up and tosses the victims around with his pitchfork. He is supposed to do that right on through eternity.

As we have already seen, it is God's hell, because God needed that sort of a place in His business. But He has so much to do in heaven that He can't look after the other place, and so He looks around for an assistant.

Maybe it all came about something like this:

God sees the devil standing around with his hands in his pockets like he had nothing to do, and so God calls out:

"Hey, Mr. Satan! Want a job?"

And the devil answers:

"Yes, Mr. God, I certainly do. Times are pretty hard and I have been out of work for the last two or three thousand years, and have had to live mighty hard. Most any kind of a job would look good to me now. What you got to offer?"

And God says:

"I've got a brand-new hell down yonder that I made to torture some of my children in, and I need a good reliable assistant to run it for me."

Satan replies:

"I'll take the job. When do I begin?"

"Tomorrow morning at seven," says God. "You must keep the place red-hot all through eternity. I made such mean people that I have to torture them forever in order to get even with them."

"I'll do my best," says the devil. "Not bragging on myself, but I always try to do good honest work."

"I guess you'll do," says God, leaning back on His throne and drawing a long breath. "There! That's one problem off my mind. I had been wondering what I was going to do with my new hell, but now it's all fixed. Mr. Satan is a good honest devil and I can leave it all to him."

And so Mr. Satan Devil went to work the next morning at seven, and he has been a good honest devil ever since. He has performed his duty according to promise and God is perfectly satisfied with his work.

That's the orthodox belief translated into Fool-Killer talk.

How do you like it, mister?

For my part, I say that God has not formed any such partnership with the devil, even if the creeds do say he has. The creeds have simply lied.

A VOICE FROM FLORIDA

Hialeah, Fla.,
June 7, 1926.

Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Dear Sir:

My Fool-Killer for May just arrived yesterday. I for one am willing to join the Question Argument Forum or whatever you call it.

Now as to what kind of Fool-Killer we want, I prefer good common sense, a little bit serious, and be careful and try to keep from stumping your toe when you go to put the flavoring in. You remember I tried to tell you this away back in 1919, but I couldn't quite get you to understand me. You have only printed one of my letters, and if you will send me one copy of the paper which contains that letter I will send you fifty subscribers—ten clubs of five each. I know that letter boomed your business, and I got in correspondence with people in nearly all the states in the Union on account of that letter. It even brought me a clever correspondent from China.

Now I sure want to get in on that double question about Immortal Soul and Eternal Torment. If you will let me in on that argument I will promise not to get mad and I will comply with the rules and requirements. This is just what I have been wanting you to start for years.

Respectfully,
H. T. MORRELL.

Word comes from Chicago that a boy of 13 out there is an active candidate for president of Uncle Sam. That's too old. He has learned a lot of meanness by this time. He should have entered the race at about three ,while he was pure and innocent.

A SERMON TO THE ORTHODOCTORS

Dear Orthodox Folks:

Howdy! Good morning! Come in! Hang up your hats and be seated. Cross your legs and shift your backer to the other jaw and make yourselves at home. I am now about ready to make the preach come, and you folks had better be holding your little skillets to catch it.

And so you are the folks who take pride in calling yourselves Orthodox, are you? All right. You are welcome to the honor if there is any in it. But I'll bet three fourths of you wouldn't know Orthodoxy from a barrel of dead fish if you met it in the road.

What makes you Orthodox, anyhow? You don't know, of course. You couldn't explain the workings of the disease, nor its symptoms, nor how you happened to get it . But I know how you got it—you were born with it. Your daddy and grandaddy had it before you. It runs in the family, and none of you have ever tried to get cured.

There is a sure cure for Orthodoxy, if you would only agree to use it. Want me to tell you what it is? Well, it's just thinking for yourself. That is all. It's easy to do when you learn how, and it don't hurt a bit. In fact, it feels good after you get started. But you folks who have never thunk any had better begin with broken doses. A full dose of independent thinking right at the start might bust your head open or jolt the linchpin out of your windworks.

An Orthodox person is usually one who lets somebody else do his thinking for him, and who just accepts without question whatever his boss tells him. He likes to trot with the big crowd, and he never stops to ask which way the big crowd is going. He never bothers his head about the right or the wrong of it, and he refuses to listen to anything that might give him a new idea.

But a Heretic, now, is different from that. He is a sort of independent cuss, and he dares to think for himself. If he don't like what the Big Cheese hands out, he refuses to swallow it. Yes, he just refuses—flat—and tells 'em to go to thunder, or words to that effect.

Now, Buddy, has it ever occurred to you that nearly all the great and good characters of the world—those who have led the race forward and upward toward the light—have been Heretics of one kind or another? It's a fact. Go to your history and see. The Heretics have made possible all the progress that has ever been, and the Orthodox have never done anything except pull back and yell, "Stop it!"

Jesus of Nazareth was the greatest Heretic of all time, and the good conservative Orthodox people of his day were shocked and scandalized out of all reason by his terrible heresies . They wouldn't stand for such—no-sir-ee! They must get him out of the way in a hurry—and they did. We mustn't for a minute lose sight of the fact that it was the good Orthodox people who killed Jesus the Heretic. And now the only reason we happen to know anything about them is because they played the fool and blundered into a shameful notoriety.

Galileo and Copernicus were Heretics. Luther was a Heretic. Every man or woman who has blazed a new trail through the intellectual wilderness has been a Heretic, and most of them have been hounded and persecuted to the grave by the reactionary forces of Orthodoxy.

And still you seem to think being Orthodox is something to be proud of. All right. As I said before, you are welcome to the honor if there is any in it. But for my part, I will cast my lot with the Heretics. I will be misunderstood and cussed out by the present generation of Stand-Patters, but the people who come after me will be able to see that I was on the right track. I will not get the Big Crowd to follow me—not now, at least—but the little crowd that I do get will be the very cream of creation, and they will stick to me till the cows come home. Amen.

Now, then, if any of you Orthodox folks feel like you want to stay with me and my little bunch of heretics, we will be mighty glad to have you. Come along and give us your tater-grabbler and we'll put one more big dumplin in the pot for you. Come along.

BUT REMEMBER LUDLOW

Arthur Brisbane, writing in the Washington Herald, gets this out of his system: "John D. Rockefeller, Jr. ,sets a good example to other Christians by contributing $100,000 to relieve Jewish women and children in Poland and Russia." Yes. Jawndee is in the habit of "giving relief" to women and children. I seem to remember that he "gave relief" to a few hundreds of them at Ludlow, Colorado, some years ago. But it probably didn't take $100,000 to buy kerosene oil from himself to burn up those pitiful and helpless creatures—after his hired gunmen had riddled their bodies with bullets. It is remarkable what some "Christians" can do and get away with it.

THE FOOL-KILLER

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

Published monthly at Wilkesboro, N. C.

J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

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When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order, or check to cover same, and your own name and address as club sender, is enough. But remember this: Please do not send poorly or carelessly written lists, as they are very difficult to make out, and if we cannot make them out correctly the subscribers will not get their papers. Always have the lists typewriten if possible, and in case you cannot do that, please print out the names and addresses in printing letters with pen or pencil. This is very important.

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Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Let's Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

One subscriber says that in his opinion the two best publications now before the American public are The American Mercury and The Fool-Killer. As Whistler said about Velasquez, why drag in The American Mercury?

PARAGRAPHS.

The "Smart Set" is the laziest set in the world.

Another Disagreement Conference has agreed to disagree.

This is a hard year for the old "stand pat" senators who seek re-election.

The first National Bank of Tombstone, Arizona, has died. Well, its Tombstone is ready.

Poland now has a dictator named Pilsudski. He is no doubt a "pill," and he has got Poland in the "suds."

The Senate will find that it don't pay to unseat radical Senators. They have a way of coming back.

Milton's "Paradise Lost" may be a very fine dressed-up lie, but in a race for the truth it wouldn't even get started.

A man in Texas has written a book called "Naked Truth." Literature is sorter taking after female styles, I suppose.

Miss Ruth Luz was recently married to Mr .Julius D. Tickle. Don't that tickle you? It tickles me. And of course it tickles the girl. Quit dat ticklin' me.

And besides all the other things that he can't do, it now comes out that President Coolness can't even play golf. It is a shame.

And now Iowa, praise be, has given standpatism another black eye. And the White House "spokesman" is too scared to speak.

Between a League without a Court, a Court without a League, a mixture of League and Court combined, or none of either, it is hard to tell which the Senate don't want anything but.

A Democratic congressman fainted on the floor of the House at Washington the other day. Don't blame him. I'd faint too if I had to be a Democratic congressman.

When Pennsylvania Republicans were asked the other day if they would have some more Pepper, they replied with their votes, "No, thank ye, we've had enough Pepper in our'n."

Here is another big step toward disarmament: Congress has just handed out over $500,000,000 to be spent on army and navy airplanes in order to make Uncle Sam "master of the air." Disarmament? Peace? You tell 'em.

Just about time the Democrats got ready to make political capital out of the Republican primary scandal in Pennsylvania, behold, here comes the Pope with his Eucharistic Congress in Chicago which threatens to split the Democratic party wide open. Verily, the politicians do have their troubles.

Coolidge was all fire-and-tow for tax reduction until he got the taxes of his millionaire pets reduced, and now when the common people want some relief the "White House spokesman" suddenly changes ends with his mouth and says, "No more tax reduction." That's always the way of it—favor the rich and oppress the poor.

I see in the paper where a Baptist preacher some place in Georgia has been preaching Russellism," but he didn't know it was that, and his innocent flock didn't know it, either, and so there will be nobody hung because of it. The orthdoctors are getting so mixed up and confused in their beliefs that they are liable to preach most anything.

After Smith Brookhart of Iowa had been fairly and honestly elected to the U. S. Senate, that august body took the liberty to unseat him and stick in a Democrat. But now what does Iowa do? At the very first opportunity she rises up in her might and majesty and nominates Brookhart again. And she will elect him next fall. They have sent word to Washington that Cummins in not cummin any more.

PICKED UP PARAGRAPHS

When a modern woman is sewing on tiny garments, they are her own.

It's never a happy marriage unless they both bet better mates than they deserve.

The politician will find an excuse to get out of anything except office.

What this country needs is not more judges, but more judgment.

As a rule the keynote in a political campaign is the first one in the musical scale—"Dough."

The two-third rule that hurts the Democrats most is the way the vote comes out two-thirds Republican.

If only the dear things would not get the bloom of youth higher on one cheek than on the other.

The Smith and McAdoo lieutenants are busily engaged on plans to wreck-oncile the Democratic party.

We shudder to think what scientists would reconstruct if they should dig up some well-known skulls of this age.

Sir Oliver Lodge says the universe never began and never will end. Eye-witness testimony like that is always valuable.

Some seers declare the Democratic party is dead, but just wait till it has another national convention and see if it isn't as alive as a nest of wildcats.

Now we see that a woman is supposed to use perfumery to match her moods and emotions, and we know of some that will have to smell like a firecracker a good deal of the time.

AS I WAS JIST A-SAYIN'

I said in the outset that I was not going to print worthless articles fr... cranks and crazy people. Well, I am not—unless they happen to be such juicy chunks of tom-fool ignorance that I can make a good joke out of them. Such a one I am printing this time f... the massive thinkery of Rev. L. K. Birmingham, St. Catherine, Mo. And you may be your own judge as to what I have done to it.

As a matter of fact, very few articles of any worth have arrived so far, especially from the orthodox side of the house. My fame as a scrapper has gone forth over the land and most of them are afraid to tackle me. But it isn't my intention to be at all hard on them if they will come up like men and discuss matters fairly and sensibly. Of course when a plum fool butts in with his nonsense there is not any argument to answer, and all I can do is to answer the fool according to his folly and have a little fun out of him.

But if the sane and sensible advocates of other views will come along with some well-prepared articles defending their doctrines, I will treat them white. To be sure, I will answer them whenever time and space will permit, but I will do it in a clean and gentlemanly way. And possibly I will sometimes not answer them myself, but leave it open for some other correspondent to answer at a future time. If it is going to be an Open Forum I want it to be one; but if nobody is concerned about helping to make it so, then I'll just have to sail in and do it all.

Now, folks, what about it? You preachers who preach Immortal Soul in season and out of season—let's see what sort of a reason you can give for the faith that is in you. And then let me apply the acid test and see if your "reason" will bear investigation.

Come, now! Tune up your "immortal soul" fiddle and play your little piece.

BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS

This is a little book of verses written by Cora Wallace Pearson, the wife of James Larkin Pearson. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed and has a picture of the author. Will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and will also throw in for good measure another little book which gives a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25c. Order today—right now. Address: Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

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By James Larkin Pearson

The complete collected poems of the editor of this paper. Over 300 poems in all, covering a wide range of subjects, and handled as only Pearson can handle them. The book is now ready and on sale to the public, and every reader of The Fool-Killer should have a copy. About 275 pages, 6x9, printed on heavy book paper, and nicely bound in dark green cloth with title in gold. Weighs nearly two pounds. Portrait of author and complete index. Price $2.10 postpaid. Send orders to: James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

E. F. WELCH, Henderson, Texas—I received a copy of The Fool-Killer, and never was prouder of anything in my life. It seems as though the dead has come to life. Enclosed you will find 90 cents to pay for a club of six.

****

J. A. WHITE, R. 5, Blanchar, Okla.—I am sending you six subs and 90 cents. Send them a copy at once so they will know what a good paper it is. I just nearly laugh my fool self to death when I read your paper.

****

A. C. LOYD, R1, Dorsey, Miss.—Find enclosed $1.65 to pay for eleven subs. I read the Bible a good deal, and have been thinking some on those problems. Send us all the dope you can. We like your paper. If there were more of it we would like it better.

****

WILLIAM COLE, R. 3, Center Ridge, Ark.—Here's my 25 cents for your paper one year. I came in contact with a copy of the paper and I just couldn't wait any longer to subscribe. I read the paper very close on account of its being the first copy I ver saw, and am here to say it has no equal.

****

JOSEPH ANDEREGG, Merced, Calif.—My son was passing through your town and sent me a sample copy of The Fool-Killer. Now as there are so many fools around me, I don't know whether I belong to them or not, but want to clear myself of that name and enclose herewith 25 cents for a year's subscription to The Fool-Killer.

* * *

A. A. BALTEZOR, 106A Madison Ave., Aurora, Mo.—Dear Mr. Pearson: You will find enclosed the price of my renewal to The Fool-Killer. I must tell you I am handicapped in reading on acount of loss of vision, but I get my friends to read it for me, and this aids me in introducing the paper. I like your wit and humor.

****

T. M. BLACK, Weiser, Idaho.—Hello, Mr. Fool-Killer! I am a Southern man myself, but I just drifted out here where there is a conglomeration of most all kinds of isms, but I think Atheism and Filthy Lucre is most supreme. Here's a quarter to pay for your valuable paper for awhile, for it seems like it is badly needed just now.

* * *

J. M. SHERROD, R. 2, Tylertown, Miss.—Dear Mr. Pearson : I am sending check for five subscriptions to the best paper published between the heavens and the earth. May the good Lord spare you for a thousand years to come, and let that magic dope that comes through The Fool-Killer flow till all the fools shall have been destroyed from among the people.

****

CHARLES L. TUFTY, Mitchell, S. Dak.—I have lately discovered the Jan. and Feb., 1920, issues of The Fool-Killer, which have been covered up under other old papers since I received them in the winter of 1920, when I had a severe attack of the Flu. So now when I found those old copies of The Fool-Killer I decided to write and inquire if you are still faithfully at the job of turning out The Fool-Killer as at that time, or have they managed to put the thumb-screws of persecution to work on you? Send me some sample copies and terms to club-getters.

Club Rates

In Clubs of Five or more, 15c

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, WILKESBORO, N. C.

S. W. STEWANT, 1309 N. Allen St., Charlotte, N. C.—Dear Mr. Pearson: I am renewing my subscription to The Fool-Killer, and am sending 14 others with it, and a post office money order for $2.25. I think The Fool-Killer is the greatest paper that I have ever subscribed to or read. Just one request: If you and Mrs. Pearson ever come to Charlotte, hunt me up and spend your time with me as my guest.

* * * *

MISS ANNICE FRY, St. Vrain, N. Mex.—Dear Editor:—Words seem inadequate to express our joy over receiving each issue of your grand little paper, and to give adequate terms of appreciation of your deep ideas. I have never read one word from your pen which did not get a "ditto" from me. Have been in Kansas City, Mo., for months, but now that I am back for an indefinite time I send in my renewal for this fire-cracker" to come to my address another year. I, and also my young man friend, intended writing you and your wife last autumn with a "hallelujah" for articles which appealed to us, but in my rush of business and studies together I never found the time. You both write exactly like "Truth" students, as we are.

PICKED UP PARAGRAPHS

Mussolini is Italy's one-man triumvirate.

The world is progressing. It now spends more money for face powder than for gunpowder.

The modern home is supplied with everything except the family.

It is said to be unsafe to go to a "disarmament conference" unless you go heavily armed.

Herrin seems to stay converted only about long enough to clean its gun.

You can't blame Moses for leading his people out of a country that wouldn't accept a gift of ten million dollars.

The Bible continues to be the world's best seller, even though no serious effort is made to suppress it.

When Mussolini talks about "our inexorable will," it somehow calls to mind a once inexorable Wilhelm.

The objection to gardening is that by the time your back gets used to it your enthusiasm is gone.

The political bee buzzes loudest around the candidates for office, but it is usually the public that gets stung.

We have an inquiry from a citizen who wants to know where the population of this country is the most dense. That's an easy one—from the neck up, brother.

Professor Hrdlicka is going on a scientific search expedition in Alaska. Here's hoping he finds his missing vowel.

One reason there is so much humor in the world is because there are so many persons who take themselves seriously.

And so Americans are dollar-chasers? Well, can Europe suggest any other method of getting money enough to lend?

Lake Superior has shrunk nine inches in the last year. If that shrinkage goes on a few years its name will have to be changed to Lake Inferior.

A Washington magazine has just closed a contest on "What is a Democrat?" There were 8,000 definitions—all different, of course.

One gratifying impression we get from modern theological discussions is that hell is not as hot as it was forty years ago.

The great drawback about being either a wet or dry agitator is having to associate with some of the birds on your side.

A driverless automobile is said to be "making a hit" in the West. One would imagine it would make several.

Dr. Mayo declares walking is the best exercise one can take. So it is, Doc, so it is—if you can find any place to walk.

Professors are denouncing football, and we suppose the only thing to do with this terrible menace is to pass laws that will take the kick out of it.

Some men can't understand why a child believes in Santa Claus, and yet they expect the farmer to get relief from Congress.

With so many wives and everything, maybe it was their concerted spring house-cleaning that was too much for Krim's war.

The budget of France is said to be balanced. That means that one end is just as likely to drop as the other.

Romance is not dead. A New York girl is reported to be so much in love with her young man that she is willing to give up smoking, drinking and swearing for him.

A Washington lady weighing 330 pounds is charging her husband with cruelty by beating her and dragging her around the room. The court had better be careful how it tries to discipline a man who can do that.

What this country is beginning to need is a good five-cent potato.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY

Harlan, Ky.,
June 9, 1926.

James Larkin Pearson,
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Dear Sir:

I have your May issue of The Fool-Killer. Now I think some myself. Your idea of letting Tom, Dick and Harry fill your paper needs watching. You yourself, I think, can do better. Religion and the Bible becomes a queer problem in the hands of the unlearned. I should like you to read the best book on that subject yourself—"The Origin and Character of the Bible," by J. T. Sunderland. Get it from the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. When you find it out, they are the real seekers of real knowledge. Honest, too.

Don't let a lot of cranks spoil your paper with useless controversies. Get in your own work, and get your information from best sources. That Dayton, Tennessee, Smart Elick stuff is bunk. Remember, too, you can't put brains into a wooden head.

Very truly yours,
DR. G. F. CRAMER.

Keep your shirt on, Dock. You are allowing yourself to become needlessly excited. I have no intention of letting Tom, Dick and Harry spoil The Fool-Killer. I have proposed to let intelligent and capable men discuss the questions of theology on these pages, and if they do not avail themselves of the opportunity offered, then there will not be much discussing done except what I do myself.

There is just one thing that may possibly spoil all my plans for a public discussion: The educated and intelligent members of the orthodox class are not fools. They have got sense enough to know that their Immortal Soul and Eternal Torment doctrines will not stand the light of investigation. Many of them know as well as I do that their whole system of theology is built on a false foundation, and that exposure to free discussion and reasoning would soon wreck it. So they want to keep it surrounded and hemmed in by the protecting wings of their own little cults. For this reason it is going to be a long and hard job for me to get any worth-while discussions started. The ignorant fools will rush in where angels fear to tread, but the more intelligent of them will hang back and hesitate, realizing that their theories are too weak to meet reason on the open field.

Bundle and News Stand Rates

The Fool-Killer will be furnished in bundles to one address at the following prices:

20 copies of any one issue, 15 cents.
40 copies of any one issue, 30 cents.
60 copies of any one issue, 45 cents.
80 copies of any one issue, 60 cents.
100 copies of any one issue, 75 cents.

Sample copies in small quantities will be furnished free of charge.

Paper tells about a girl named Violet Ray. She must be an invisible girl, because the science experts tell me that a violet ray can't be seen. Maybe she does it by putting on some clothes.

HE IS FROM MISSOURI, BUT YOU CAN'T SHOW HIM

When I sent out that proposition for a "debate" it seems that I didn't know what I was getting into. If I had known that such profound wisdom as the following was going to descend like a ton of coal upon my defenseless head, I would not have made such a proposition. I didn't know that I was going to be challenged by the master mind of creation armed with the wisdom of the ages. But now that I have invited this calamity and brought it upon myself, I will have to get out of it just the best way possible.

But, O dear folks, ain't you sorry for poor old me? Just run your lookers over the following gem of thought, and then lift up your voices and weep:

St. Catherine, Mo.,
June 13th, 1926.

Dear Editor:

I notice a note in your paper that you wish to debate on a few subjects.

I will then comence at the first of your list of subjects which you have made mention of in the last edition of your paper.

This question has been put on the hook for bate, first take a nibble and then take a bite.

This is the question put forth by the editor. Is there an immortal soul in man—a part of man that cannot die, and that even God could not kill.

In the first of genesis there is a statement that God made man in his own image (Gen-1.27)

And in the 3rd chapter and 22 verse, And the Lord God said, behold, the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil.

In the first place man was in Gods own image, and in the second place man became as one of them, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, and now if man is in every respect like his maker how then can he die. (man cannot die he is divine) (Man is not mortal but immortal)

The question is again asked by the editor, where do these immortal souls come from, and when and how do they get into people (They are grafted in at the time of the birth of the child)

The third question presented by the editor is, is the soul created at the time the body is created (Yes)

The 4th question presented by the editor is, is there such a place as the orthodox hell of eternal torture, just think a moment of there being no hell, hell is a place where the wicked go after death.

The fifth question put forth by the editor, has there ever been such a place in the past. (My answer is yes, and they threw the Hebrew children into it, and the Lord delivered the Hebrew children from the firey furnace (Which is hell in its purity, and its simplicity)

The sixth question put forth by the editor ,will there ever be such a place in the future, as described above. (As to this question I am not able to answere as I have not been there yet

The seventh question presented by the editor. Do immortal souls go to heaven or hell at the death of the body (The soul goes to hell at the death of the body for purification, and the spirit returns to God who gave it, and when the soul becomes pure then it returns to the spirit which is in heaven and is united into one body

The eight question is. If so are they jusged before they go. (Yes they are judged before they go, and this is the sentence pronounced upon them that they must go to hell for purification, while the spirit awaits the happy returning of the long lost soul which is to rise from hell, and to join the spirit which God has long before taken to heaven to wait the return of the soul.

The nineth question. If Adam and Eve had never sinned would they ever have gone to heaven. (If Adam and Eve had of been obedient they would not of died, neither would they been driven out of eden if obedient, but they sinned and died and went to heaven, is it necessary for a man to taste of sin before he can enter the kingdom?

Dear editor I trust that this cannon fodder which I have gave you will be sufficient to blow over that man made of straw.

Your very truly
REV. L. K. BIRMINGHAM.

There you are. There is nothing more to be said. He has just wound the whole thing up in one little ball and pitched it back at me . He has finally and forever settled every question and left no room for further argument. Mean old man, to go and spoil our nice debate in such a way as that!

But, seriously now, ain't that a corker? Did you ever in all your born days see its equal? I never did. I might have corrected the spelling and punctuation and fixed it up some if I had dared. But I didn't dare to tamper with such wisdom. So I have printed it word for word, letter for letter and dot for dot as it came from the inspired typewriter of the gentleman from Missouri.

It isn't to be expected that common little minds like yours and mine can hold all that wisdom, but let's open our shoulders as wide as possible and see how much of it we can hold. Maybe what spills over will fall in somebody else's cup. It never would do to waste any of it.

He says that man was made in God's own image to start with, and in the next breath he says that man became like God by eating the forbidden fruit. In other words, he wasn't quite divine until the devil got in him and made him commit sin, and then man was just like his Maker and altogether divine. According to that, the more we sin the more like God we become, and the way to get perfectly divine is to be just as big a devil as you can.

And so the natural man is altogether divine, eh? I have several good dictionaries here in my gold-plated shack, and they all say that the word "divine" means pertaining to or of the nature of God; sacred, God-like, altogether excellent. Then if all human souls are sacred, God-like and altogether excellent, how can any of them go to hell? To be divine is to be sinless, and yet he says that it was sin which made man more divine, more God-like, than he was before. And yet because of sin this man who has sinned himself into a likeness of God is going to go to hell. It beats me.

Then he says that the soul is "grafted in" at the time of the birth of the child. If "grafted in" then it must be a separate twig brought from some other place? But from what place? He does not tell. But in the next breath he says that the soul is "created" at the time of the birth of the child. Then it isn't a separate twig grafted in. The man don't have any remotest idea of what he is trying to say.

"Just think for a moment," sez he, "of there being no hell." Just as if hell were the best thing in all creation and it would be an awful calamity if there wasn't one. Then he says that hell is (or was) the firey furnace that the Hebrew Children were thrown into, and he says that was hell in its purity. So hell is a pure place. Whatever is pure is good, and so hell is a good place. Next thing we know we will have it all swapped around and hell will be a better place than heaven it. I don't see how God ever happened to put such a good hell in charge of such a bad old devil. After all, it must be that the devil is a good feller.

Hold on! Right here we'll get some more enlightment. Great chunks of it. He says it is the soul that goes to hell at the death of the body, and that it goes there for purification, while the spirit goes to God. In other words, the body of a wicked man goes to the dust, his soul goes to hell, and his spirit goes to heaven . Now if we ain't got it fixed! Got the poor feller all sliced up like a loaf of lightbread and scattered all over the universe. What a time the pieces will have getting back together. And if some of them were to lose their tag so that God couldn't tell which man they belonged to, there would be danger of getting John Doe's soul and Richard Roe's spirit wadded up together crammed into John Smith's body. What a mess! All three of the men would be plum ruined, and they wouldn't be fit for heaven, hell nor anywhere else.

In speaking of Adam and Eve, he says that they sinned and died and went to heaven. And yet he says that other people who sin are spilt up like stove wood and sent to three different places. Dog my cats! That sort of theology is too deep for me.

Finally, in his closing paragraph, he says that he is sending me some "cannon fodder." Now cannon fodder, as everybody knows, is not the ammunition that goes into the cannon, but the object at which the cannon is fired. Well, I have fired my cannon at Rev. L. K. Birmingham's "cannon fodder," and there doesn't seem to be much of it left. Say, old top! Got any more cannon fodder like that?

A Washington scientist claims to have discovered that the earth does not weigh 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons as has been reported. If we have been given short weight, we certainly ought to have a refund.

MARTIN LUTHER ON THE SOUL QUESTION

Most of us in this country call ourselves Protestants. But are we really Protestants if we hold on to the old theology of the Papacy against which Martin Luther protested? Martin Luther started the Reformation and became the head of the Protestant movement. He protested. What did he protest against? One of the things that he protested against was the old Papal doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul.

Let us look at a few sentences from Luther's writings on this subject:

"The dead are insensible. They lie, not reckoning days or years, but when awakened will seem to have slept scarcely a moment."

"They (the dead) lie in a profound rest and sleep, to the day of judgment, not knowing where they are."

"All that is said concerning the immortality of the soul is nothing else but an invention of Anti-Christ to make his pot boil."

"I permit the Pope to make articles of faith for himself and his faithful, such as . . . . the soul is the substantial form of the human body, the Pope is the emperor of the world and king of heaven, and God upon earth, the soul is immortal, with all those monstrous opinions to be found in the Roman dunghill."

Now listen to other great witnesses testify as to what Luther believed on this subject:

Archdeacon Blackburn says: "Luther espoused the doctrine of the sleep of the soul upon a Scriptural foundation; and then he made use of it as a confutation of purgatory and saint-worship, and continued in that belief to the last moment of his life. Luther was clearly and indisputably on the side of those who maintain the sleep of the soul."

Again Archdeacon Blackburn says: "Luther, by consigning all the dead to a state of rest and sleep, left no pretense for the appearance of human souls after death. . . . Luther retained to his dying moment the idea of a total suspension of thought and consciousness during the interval between death and the resurrection.

Cardinal Du Perren says: "Luther denied the immortality of the soul, whence he drew an argument against praying to saints, showing that the saints hear not our prayers. . . . Luther reckons this among the impieties of the Roman Church, that she believes in the immortality of the soul."

Thomas More (Papist) objected to Luther because he held that "all souls lie and sleep till doom's day."

Now, Mr. Protestant, what will you do about that? Will you go on believing in the immortality of the soul, a doctrine which the great founder of Protestantism positively rejected and denounced? Or will you turn your back on the old pagan false doctrine of Rome and be a Protestant in deed as well as in name?

Huh?

Which will you do?

A picture of health requires a happy frame of mind.

The Fool-Killer

Monthly—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

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KEEP A-HITTIN' IT, BOYS

The month of June this year was the best June The Fool-Killer has had in many years. I was most agreeably surprised at the way the stream of subs kept up. Usually the receipts begin to drop off about the first of May and go down rapidly till about the first or middle of July. Reaching low water mark, they stay there till the first or middle of September before there is much pick-up. But this summer the figures have been reversed. May was considerably better than April, and June was away ahead of May. July has started out well and promises to be still better than June. But it all depends on the activity of you club-raisers out over the country. If you will stay right on the job as you have been doing and put in a few extra licks every chance you get, we will make this summer a record-breaker. And then when the fall season opens we will be ready to open with it in grand style.

Friends, I am depending on you to stick to me and work with me till we make The Fool-Killer a bigger success than it ever was before. Remember, it once had 50,000 subscribers, and we can put it up to that figure again between now and next pea-stickin' time if we'll all just link in and work at it like good fellers. Now I'm going to look for big clubs and lots of them from you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, YOU—and all the rest of you.

Go Thou and Do Likewise

Since I have been in this Fool-Killer business (nearly 17 years now) I have had many good club-senders, and some of them have been record-breakers. But now I have one who has broken all records for the time he has been at it, and he seems to be just getting started. His name is Mr. J. F. Lingerfeldt, of Bessemer City, N. C. During the last few weeks Mr. Lingerfeldt has sent in 197 subscriptions to The Fool-Killer, and he is not working for any premium either—just doing it for the good of the cause. Say, can't some of you other fellows pitch in and beat him? Let's have a race.

Now they have figured it out that the sun will last fifteen trillion years yet. Thanks. That ought to give the Redemocans time to think up several new lies to tell.

After all, Newberry wasn't half bad. Actually, he was a Sunday School teacher compared to that Pennsylvania bunch.

RED-HEADED PECKERWOOD PARADE

Hoo-ee!

Sick-um-pup!

Now wasn't that some high-kicking caper that the unmarried "daddies" of rotten Romanism pulled off in Chicago, What-a-noise?

We had already been cursed with about every other bad thing in the catalogue of curses, and Chicago was already so mean that it could hardly endure its own cussedness. But all that was nothing compared to the double-dyed degradation of having the pope's "Eucre-istic Congress" swoop down upon us like a belled buzzard hunting for a dead snake.

Even the newspaper accounts and pictures of the carryings-on were enough to turn the stomach of a wooden Indian or drive a decent dog to suicide. And I shudder to think what the real awfulness of the sin-soaked shimmy show must have been like.

In plain English, the old dago in the Vatican at Rome has long wanted to pull off something to impress the American people with his power and authority. So he fell upon the scheme of having a great Roman Catholic blowout over here to be attended by all his red-headed peckerwood cardinals and other sub-deputy-gods in full bloom from Italy, Spain, and all the other toe-kissing lands. And these buck-virgin "daddies" were to be attended and slobbered over by tens of thousands of their toe-kissing dupes gathered from every land, and all bent on getting at least one smell of a Roman god's hoof.

Well, when the bunch of red-headed peckerwoods from Rome reached New York they were met by Al Smith, Jim Walker and the entire pappycratic official family of Gullible Gotham, and they were led into the City Hall over fine red carpets with kneeling toe-kissers all along the line, just as if they had been holy angels straight from heaven.

Think of New York doing that! New York, which pretends to be so wise. The old town wouldn't admit that anybody else could sell it a gold brick in broad daylight, but the pope's peckerwoods sure to Mike did it.

And then, after being welcomed, introduced, kissed, coddled and cried over till the Statue of Liberty hung its head and puked up its liver-pad, the whole petticoat procession was loaded into specially-built palace cars—the finest ever seen on earth—and headed toward Chicago where the main three-ring circus was to be pulled off.

What were they going to do in Chicago? Why, bless your grandpap's rheumatiz, they were going to hold a "Eucharistic Congress," if you know what that means. "Eucharist" is their name for the communion service, the Lord's Supper. "Mass" is another name they have for it, and indeed it is a "mass" of sickening nonsense.

Catholics, at their communion service, don't eat bread and drink wine, as the Protestants do. They have bread and wine to start with, but some unmarried "father" with an old woman's dress on takes the bread and wine, mumbles a few words of Latin over them, and they are bread and wine no longer. They are changed into the ACTUAL flesh and blood of Jesus — so THEY say. And all the faithful dupes believe it.

So it seems that these high-and-mighty princes of the pope's "invisible empire" were journeying thousands of miles over sea and land, and putting on enough swell airs to shame a king's court, just in order to take a bite of the Lord's flesh and drink a few drops of his blood. And then to sing a few Latin songs and be bowed and scraped to by a hundred thousand fool Catholics.

But that pretended "holy service" was only a thin excuse. What they wanted was to muster their forces and make a big splurge before the American public in order to show their strength and convince us that they are able to "make America Catholic." They think, too, that it will help to nominate and elect Al Smith president.

Think of all that pomp and strutting and hypocritical sham "holiness" in the name of Jesus! A Jesus, if you please, who was murdered by that same class of "saints" two thousand years ago.

They Want What They Want

The proposed "debate" is not getting along very fast, for the reason that nothing of the right kind has been sent in. And I have been surprised at the strong sentiment among the readers against having such a debate or open forum. Nine out of ten who express any opinion seem to prefer my own fool gab and won't be satisfied with anything else. So there you are. What can I do? I don't think my stuff is any good, but what is my opinion against so many? The majority wins.

Vare-ily, Vare-ily, I say unto you, the Pennsylvania Republican primaries were a enational $ucce$$.

When the West gets mad it is just awful howling mad. You can hear some of its howls right now if you will just listen.

HOWL, O YE VARMINTS!

One after another—so fast that it must make a standpatter's head swim — the great States of the Northwest are lining up in the progressive or radical column. The latest one to register her disgust with the Coolidge administration is North Dakota, where Senator Nye has just won a sweeping victory for the nomination to the U. S. Senate. Senator Nye (a nephew of Bill Nye) is a La Follette radical and entirely out of sympathy with the administration. But North Dakota joins all the other corn belt States in saying that is the kind of man she wants to represent her in the Senate. The Coolidge candidate, a man named Hanna, was simply snowed under.

All the corn - belt States are doing that same thing. It has become a regular tornado twister of rebellion against the bossism of the East. The Northwest has named at least half-a-dozen "radical" Republicans for the Senate in recent weeks, while every single, solitary Coolidge man that entered the Republican primaries met crushing defeat.

What else can Coolidge and his crowd of pampered plutes hope for? What else can they expect? They have consistently and persistently snubbed the farmers of the Northwest and denied every favor that they have asked for in years. And still they expect the farmers to stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder, and "vote 'er straight." I am glad to see that the farmers have got some backbone as well as some brain, and that they are going to use both. Hoo-ray! Goody!

It now begins to look like young Bob La Follette will have a stronger backing of "radicals" in the Senate than his brave old daddy ever had. And I bet a purty he leads 'em like a veteran.

Poor little baby Congress has gone to sleep on a pallet of promises, and has left its milk bottle on the floor for the flies to suck at till next December. And before December arrives the old political cow may "kick the bucket" and poor little baby Congress may not find any more milk in its bottle when it wakes up.

Even Teapot Dome looks pretty respectable in the light of the Pennsylvania Republican primary.

There is a doubled-and-twisted political cyclone forming in the corn belt, and all the old standpat politicians are scooting for their holes. They had better scoot and stay scooted.

THE FOOL-KILLER

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

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When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order, or check to cover same, and your own name and address as club sender, is enough. But remember this: Please do not send poorly or carelessly written lists, as they are very difficult to make out, and if we cannot make them out correctly the subscribers will not get their papers. Always have the lists typewriten if possible, and in case you cannot do that, please print out the names and addresses in printing letters with pen or pencil. This is very important.

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THE FOOL-KILLER
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Let's Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I nave read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with rumor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

The Democrats of Indiana have nominated for the U. S. Senate a man named Woolen. For the purpose, I suppose, of having plenty of wool to pull over the eyes of the voters.

NEW "MESSIAH" COMING IN AUGUST

Honey, did you know that a brand-new "Messiah" in regular store clothes and a college education is due to arrive on Uncle Sam's premises some time in August? Well, just yank out your little note-book and put that down. It's a fact this time, and no mistake about it.

You know we have had quite a number of false alarms in recent years. The Seventh Day Adventists and various other cults have set times for the Messiah to come, and for the world to be burnt up, and all that sort of thing. But one after another the dates have passed and filled with bitter disappointment the hearts of the faithful. No Messiah has made his appearance yet—at least, not in the way and manner predicted. If he has come at all it has been like he himself said he would come—as a thief in the night, unseen and unknown of men. But that isn't the sort of Messiah the folks are looking for. Right or wrong, they are looking for one that they can see.

Now after all these disappointments, Mrs. Annie Besant, head of the Theosophical Society, is not taking any chances. She went to India and picked out her "Messiah," a young Hindu named Krishnamurti, while he was still in short pants. She has had him trained and educated to suit her own conception of what a Messiah ought to be. She had him put through Oxford University and polished up just as fine as a fiddle, and now she has started out to show him to the world. Acting in the capacity of a sort of female John-the-Baptist, she is going about crying in the wilderness and saying, "Prepare ye the way for Krishnamurti, and have a room reserved for him at the best hotel." .....

And so, in the course of her travels with her Messiah, Mrs. John - the - Baptist has visited France and England and several other towns where the Messiah was seen and interviewed by newspaper men to whom he talked almost like folks. He isn't bare-footed and dirty, nor wild-eyed and pitiful looking. He doesn't even wear a flowing white robe nor speak with the thundering voice of Elijah.

On the other hand, says a writer in The Literary Digest:

"The 'Messiah' proved to be an elegant young man in flannel trousers and a blue double-breasted coat. He struck the correspondent as a typical Hindu boy of aristocratic family who goes to study in England. When he entered the hall jauntily there was a quiver of excitement, a craning of beautiful necks, and a distinct murmer of disappointment."

Krishnamurti speaks French without a trace of accent, and he also speaks English like the Oxford graduate which he is. In appearance, says the reporter, he is a typical high-caste Hindu, of medium height, with straight coal-black hair and deep-set, jet-colored eyes of burning intensity.

When questioned about the heavy burden of being called an incarnation of Deity, the "Messiah" laughed out loud:

"I should say it is rather a burden, but really I wish you would say it's all nonsense, that stuff about me saving the world and all that. I am just an ordinary fellow, and the thing I am most interested in just now is whether Suzanne Lenglen will be able to hold out against Helen Wills. I think your Helen has a bit of pluck, what? The American girl looks determined. You can't tell, of course, but I rather think Suzanne's days are nearly done.

"You want to know what my message is to the world? Nothing new. I interpret the teachings of Jesus as I see them. I preach rigorous physical purity, vegetarianism, and frequent retreats from the hurly-burly of modern life for the purpose of quiet contemplation and spiritual enrichment. During these retreats one should observe an absolute fast. The abstention from food is immensely conducive to clear thinking, you will find. It also helps to lead a clean life.

"I preach, above all, charity and love, forgiveness of one's enemies and a union of all religions. I don't really know how they got all these absurd ideas about me, and I am afraid of publicity. It is so easy to misconstrue one's intentions."

That's not so bad. Most any of us could follow him in that sort of teaching and be better off than we are. He talks with a heap better sense than the poor old crazy woman who is dragging him around trying to make a god out of him. The mystery to me is that a man of his sense would allow himself to be used in such a way. But you can't tell. Anyway, he says that he is no Messiah, and we all agree with him—except Annie Besant and her deluded followers.

Don't worry. If there is no hitch in the proceedings, Annie and her rather unwilling "Messiah" will be on American soil this summer, and if he can save this well-known country he is welcome to the job. Ain't that what you say, honey?

PARAGRAPHS.

Nothing pleases the devil better than to hear a "hell-fire" sermon.

Put your best foot forward, but be careful and don't stick it into a post-hole.

If Church and State are not married, they ought to be indicted for living in adultery.

Here's to the memory of the Farm Relief bill. May its ghost haunt Congress by day and by night.

And now they are beginning to pull out from the League of Nations. Sorter like picking burrs from a dead calf's belly.

If Protestants would be Protestants instead of hanging on to the old Catholic creeds, it wouldn't be such easy sailing for the pope.

If it costs three milion dollars to nominate a senator in Pennsylvania, how much will it cost to elect him? Why, it'll break up the State in spite of all that can be done.

When the plutes want a subsidy from Congress, they can always get it, and there isn't a suspicion of "class legislation" about it. But when the farmers ask for a little relief—whoa Ball-ie! That would be "class legislation," and it can't be allowed.

PEARSON'S POEMS

A book containing the complete collected poems of James Larkin Pearson has been advertised in this paper for the past two years. Many copies have been sold, and the edition is getting down toward the end. Still, however, there must be a good many readers of The Fool-Killer who have not yet ordered the book, but who have intended to order it sooner or later. To these, and to all others, I wish to say that it isn't safe to wait. You may wait too long and not get it at all. So I advise all who want Pearson's Poems to order now, before the supply gives out.

The book contains over 300 poems, covering a wide range of subjects and handled as only Pearson can handle them. About 375 pages, 6x9, printed on heavy book paper and nicely bound in dark green cloth with title in gold. Portrait of author and complete index. Weighs nearly two pounds. Price $2.10 postpaid.

The later poems of James Larkin Pearson are now being published in the New York Times, the biggest daily newspaper in America.

He is listed in "Who's Who in American Poetry" and represented in several Anthologies.

He is recognized by Edwin Markham, Clement Wood, Olive Tilford Dargan, Samuel Loveman, and many leading poets and critics, as one of the important poets of the country.

The late Walter H. Page said: "James Larkin Pearson is a genius."

Frank L. Stanton says: "His work in the poetical line has made his name a household word."

The Literary Editor of the New York Times says: "James Larkin Pearson has both power and imagination and he certainly knows how to write poetry."

Clement Wood says: "I have read Pearson's poems with interest and at times a touch of wondering delight. He strikes at times harmonies which would ring well in any poetry."

Samuel Loveman says: "If I were asked to name a handful of American lyrics entitled to certain and assured immortality, I would name James Larkin Pearson's 'Homer in a Garden.'"

$2.10 postpaid. Send your order at once to

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON, WILKESBORO, N. C.

WHAT ABOUT IDIOTIC AND CRAZY SOULS?

Let's keep after that soul question awhile longer. There are several grains of "goody" in it that have not been thrashed out yet. There are several sides and angles to it that the general public has never so much as looked at. And I want to call Old Man Public's attention to all these things before I quit.

Let us consider for a few minutes the cases of the crazy soul and the idiotic soul. Let us grant, just for argument's sake, that every human body has in it an immortal soul which is entirely separate from and independent of the body. Well, then, how is it in the case of the child who is born idoitic? Is it the soul or the body that is an idiot? If the soul is the divine and immortal part, as the creeds teach, how in the world can it be born an idiot? If the soul is a part of God, as they also claim, can a part of God be a fool? How long must an idiotic soul remain in that condition? When the idiot's body dies, does the soul suddenly get normal and have sense and become responsible for its sins and go off to heaven or hell? Or does the soul still remain idiotic and go to one place or the other? Which place would it most likely go to ? Heaven, did you say? Well, all right. But idiocy would be a blemish, an imperfection ,and there will be be no blemish or imperfection in heaven. So there can be no idiots in heaven, and surely none in hell. Think it over. What becomes of an idiot's immortal soul, anyhow?

We have always been taught that an idiot is not responsible for sin. Why? The cause of idiocy is purely physical, and if the soul can live independent of the body, why is it subject to the body's infirmities? If the idiocy is confined to the body alone, then why shouldn't the soul have sense? But what means would it have of showing its sense if confined in an idiotic body?

The soul is supposed to be the part that thinks, feels, reasons, and is conscious of existence. A mere human body, separate and apart from the thinking faculities, would not know it was in the world. It could not perform any act, either good or bad, and it would be foolishness to talk about such a human body having sinned, or repented, or done anything else. Such a body couldn't even be idiotic, any more than a bucket of mud is idiotic.

Our actions are controlled by our thinking, and when we act foolishly it is proof that we have been thinking foolishly. When we see people doing stupid things we know that a stupid brain is guiding their actions.

Now where have we got to? Looks to me like we have discovered that the soul and the body (if they are two separate things) are at least pretty much dependent upon each other. The brain can't think nary lick without the soul to help it, and the soul is just as helpless without the aid of the brain. They are just as close together as the engine and the steam, and neither can act independent of the other. To say that a "disembodied soul" can float off into space and still retain its individual consciousness and be able to think, feel, remember, suffer or enjoy—that is just as foolish as to say that a loose puff of steam could sail into the clouds and still have the same power it would have in the engine. It just ain't so ,and you know it.

Next, let us consider the crazy person. Take a man who has been sane and normal until he reaches mature life. Then all at once let him go crazy. What is it that goes crazy, the soul or the body? Suppose a smart sinner goes crazy and dies in that fix, what would become of him? Would his soul, at the moment of death, get normal and go to hell? Or would it stay crazy and go to heaven? Would the fact of the sinner's dying insane save him? If a Christian goes crazy and dies in that condition, would his soul at the moment of death get normal and go to heaven? Or would it remain crazy and go to heaven anyhow?

These are pretty hard questions, I'll admit, and if I had to answer them from an orthodox standpoint I'd be just as badly stumped as you are. But wouldn't it simplify matters a whole lot to just admit that souls of dead people don't go anywhere except to the grave? I think it would.

Club Rates

In Clubs of Five or more, 15c

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, WILKESBORO, N. C.

MOLASSIED AND FEATHERED

We have often heard about people being "tarred and feathered." Which is thought to be very cruel treatment and is only resorted to in extreme cases by the Ku Kluckers and other religious "uplifters."

But there is another method of treating troublesome characters—a method which is quite as effective and does not seem so cruel. I refer to the "molasses and feathers" method. The idea was borowed from a busy woman who had a troublesome little boy who was always demanding her attention at her very busiest times. So in order to keep him quiet and out of mischief and out of her way, the wise mama sat the little feller down on the floor, smeared molasses all over his hands and gave him a feather to play with. You can imagine he had plenty to do after that. It took all of his time and attention trying to get the feather loose from his fingers, and every time he pulled it loose from one hand it was stuck fast to the other. But it kept him busy for awhile, and that was the main thing.

Now we are all just like that. We common folks are the little boy, and the exploiting "systems" under which we live are the busy mama. Our Big Bosses religious, political and financial —are very busy working their skin-games and they don't want us tagging around in the way and asking fool questions that might be hard to answer. And so our Big Bosses just set us down on the floor, smear some "patriotic" molasses over our hands and give us a feather from the American Eagle's tail to play with. And there we sit just as busy as little fools, working hard and getting nothing out of it, while our Big Bosses go about their games of graft free and undisturbed.

Molasses and a feather! What a cheap and easy way to keep us little boys quiet! Wonder what would happen if we should learn some sense?

ANOTHER OF THEM OLD "SPELLS"

I have just read something that gives me encouragement. I feel better and more hopeful than I did a few minutes ago. All this week, while trying desperately to write up the fool gab which must fill this issue of The Fool-Killer, it has seemed that my mind has had a sort of grudge against this particular job and has wanted to do everything except the work in hand. In other words, I have not been in a "writing mood," and everything I turned out seemed a failure. Another trial ,and another, and another—but they all ended the same. In disgust I turned away from the typewriter and picked up a paper, mechanically. I would read. It didn't matter what. Anything. By divine wisdom, or human luck, or just plain accident, my roaming eye rested on an article written by a great author and editor, and he was bemoaning with many words and much ink the fact that HIS mind was on a strike. He had a certain amount of space to be filled ,and the "copy boy" was howling at his back, and there was nothing doing. Words? Yes, plenty of words. But not a thought. Nary a single, solitary thought that was able to hold its head up and look the world in the eye. What did the great writer do about it? Well, he just sat there and dug words out of his typewriter and piled them in nice little rows till he had the allotted space filled. It was pitiful stuff—not at all like his usual bright scintillations— and I didn't need to be told that he was mentally on the bum. I could see it sticking out all over. But in the absence of thought he sure made the words live hard for awhile. And he got by with it. There was a column of words, and although they didn't say anything in particular, they gave my jaded brain a first-class nspiration. Hereafter, when my thought mill gets out of whack, I will just shift the belt over to my word mill and grind right on.

"GIT THE MONEY, BOYS!"

I wanted to say something about the all-fired rottenness and corruption of that Republican Senatorial primary in Pennsylvania; but after making several desperate attempts I have come to the conclusion that my thoughts about it cannot be expressed. Language fails. There are no words in the dictionary with spikes and bristles on them to half-way do the subject justice. And if I could find words hot enough to express my thoughts about that mess, they would burn up the paper.

Great howling catamounts! Have we come to that? Must the honorable office of United States Senator be put up and sold to the highest bidder? We had a sample of that a few years ago in the Newberry case, but Newberry was a cheap skate and a piker. He didn't know A B C about buying senatorial seats. Pepper, Pinchot and Vare have so far surpassed Newberry in political scandal that he looks like a Sunday School teacher.

They used to call a senatorship one of the highest and most honorable offices within the "gift" of the people. Gift nothing! It has quit being a gift ,and they have gone to buying it. And the price is so enormous that only a multi-millionarie can put in a bid.

It is a mystery to me why men will pay for an office ten times more than their salary would be for the whole term. Is it for the mere honor of having the office? Or do they expect to use the office as a funnel to pour more millions into their own pockets by way of graft and dishonesty? Oh, no! Of course none of our great peanut politicians are dishonest. They have just got more money than they need, and when election time comes they take that means of scattering it out among the "boys."

"Git the money, boys! Git the money!"

I see a full page article in the Literary Digest about "criminal justice." That's what's the matter with so much of our "justice"—it's criminal.

The Literary Digest says that the average man of fifty has taken five pounds of aspirin. 'Taint so. If he had, he wouldn't have lived to reach fifty.

'NUTHER BIG FUSS

Allanton, Fla.

Dear Comrade Pearson:

I am sorry that you manifest such a dogmatic spirit when you refer to us that differ with you on theology. You seem to forget that we are just as sincere as you are, and when a private interpretation is necesary we are just as liable to be right as you. I notice that all your creeds and articles are based on your private definition of such words as DEATH, LIFE, RESURRECTION, etc., and that regardless of the fact that the Bible gives a positive definition of the meaning of these words. So I will refer you to a few of those definitions to show you that we have at least some reason for the hope that is in us. I will not bother to refer to chapter and verse, for they are well-known to you, and you may be like so many others that will not consider reasonably anything that is not according to your schooling. But if you are an honest seeker after truth you will give this your sincere consideration.

Among the many definitions of the word DEATH are these: "To be carnally minded IS DEATH," "They that live in pleasure are DEAD while they live." The divine order of creating man is ,first, the natural, which is not subject to the law of LIFE, nor indeed can be; then afterwards LIFE in contrast to the carnal or natural. So that when Jesus came to the world the whole world was DEAD, being the offspring of Adam the NATURAL; and we are distinctly told not to look back to Adam as the perfected man, but to Jesus the FIRST living and only begotten ,who was sent as per God's ordained plan to impart LIFE to a dead world. But according to order and everyone in their own order.

The prevailing orthodox idea of the RESURRECTION at the time of Jesus was the same as some of the present ideas—that is, that some time away in the dim future there will be a day when the NATURAL or dead flesh bodies will be resurrected. But Jesus did most emphatically explain that the resurrection day had arrived, for He was the resurrection and life-giver, and ever since then many of us have been resurrected and may know positively that we have passed from DEATH into LIFE and thereby become new creatures, a new creation.

According to all recognized authority the Hebrew word SHEOL and the Greek HADES have the same definite meaning, which is, "The abode of the departed." So that it was perfectly in harmony with the natural law that Samuel came and talked with Saul, and that he (Saul) and his sons would the next day come to him (Samuel) who was then in Sheol. And this idea prevails all through the Bible ,and when Jesus went to Hades many of the living DEAD there heard and received him, and of course were resurrected the same as we in the flesh hear and receive him.

So if ignorance of God is DEATH, the opposite must be true—to know God is LIFE. The mission of Jesus was to reveal the Father, whom to know is life. And as we have partaken of the natural (DEATH), so shall we ALL partake of life. And when ALL are made alive by knowing God (for all shall know him from the least unto the greatest) ,then as a matter of course DEATH will be destroyed, having passed away in the great fire of of God's love.

ANDREW ALLAN.

Pearson's Reply

Bless my time! There is another Soloman gone to seed and the seed rotted. He accuses me of resorting to "private interpretation" to carry my points, and then he tries to do the very same thing he accuses me of doing. What does he mean by "private interpretation," anyhow? Does he want to deprive me of using my own best judgment about things? Concerning any disputed question I consider my judgment as good as the other fellow's, and the fact that it is my "private" opinion does not hurt it in the least. Other people use THEIR private opinions.

He says that all my theological articles and arguments are based on my "private" definition of the meaning of such words as Death, Life, Resurrection, etc. But he is entirely mistaken. There is no need for me to "define" the aforesaid words. All people in the world know their meaning—except those who are blinded by theological fog squirted from ecclesiastical squirt-guns. Let us go back to the dawn of life and the beginning of death on earth—away back before there were any D. D.'s to "doctor" things up—and what do you suppose Adam and Eve thought Life meant? Just exactly what it SEEMED to mean—to be alive, active and conscious. And when their first experience with Death came along, what did they think it meant? Why, it was just as plain to them as could be—a cessation of life, activity and consciousness, followed by decay and disolution. Adam and Eve didn't need any dictionary nor any theologian to tell them what life and death meant. It was only after the D. D.'s began to "doctor" the meaning of words that confusion and doubt entered.

He quotes: "To be carnally minded is death." Why certainly . In exactly the same sense that you could say, "Shooting through the heart with a rifle ball is death." That would be death—certain death. And yet the shooting nor the ball wouldn't be the actual death, but the cause of it. To be carnally minded, then, is the CAUSE of death. The plainest LITERAL meaning of words is the one to take, unless there is good reason for doing otherwise. There is too much of this "spiritualizing" things.

"They that live in pleasure are DEAD while they live." Yes, just as a condemned criminal is dead while he lives. He is DOOMED. The die is cast, as the saying is, and he can't escape it. But the DEATH that he is doomed to is not some airy, fairy, fantastic "spiritual" death that nobody ever heard of, but plain LITERAL death, BODILY death.

He says: "So that when Jesus came to the world the whole world was DEAD, being the offspring of Adam the NATURAL." Then God must have made them dead to start with and meant for them to be that way. No, indeed! The world was DEAD (or more properly DYING) because it was the offspring of Adam the FALLEN. If Adam had remained like God made him his offspring wouldn't have been dead nor in a dying condition. Yes, Jesus came to restore literal bodily life to a world which had (through Adam's transgression) lost literal bodily life.

Then Mr. Allan goes on to "spiritualize" the idea of the resurrection, denying the resurrection of the body and making it all a fantastic fog of empty nothingness; still claiming that Jesus came as a life-giver, but denying that he gave life to anything—except an airy spook. He goes on to say that Jesus, instead of dying on the cross, actually remained alive and went to hell and held a protracted meeting, preaching to dead people who were not dead and never could have died, and yet were dead all the time. It's funny to me. Wasn't that giving those living dead people in hell a "second chance?" If I get the drift of his argument, those people were dead before they died, and and then after they died they were still not dead, and I can't see that death had much effect on them, nohow. They were just as well off one way as the other so far as I can see.

Oh, fiddlesticks!

RED HATS AND RED RAGS

Say, Honey, did you ever stop to consider what a strange thing Red is? I mean the Color Red. You know, of course, that a red flag, or even a red rag, is just plum downright dangerous in this country. If a few thousand Communists had tried to march on New York or Chicago carrying red flags, they would have been shot, imprisoned or deported before you could say scat. Their red flags would have been torn in tatters and trampled in the dust by the outraged patriots. G-u-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!

But when that pestiferous pack of petticoated priests and parasits from Rome came over here with their red hats on to gather up all the peckerwoods on this side and have a Red Hat convention and a petticoat parade, how many of them were snatched up by the hairy hand of the law and treated to the rough stuff? Nary a one. Why? Oh, because Red is perfectly safe and all right when a buck-virgin "daddy" of Rome wants to wear it on these consecrated shores.

And red is not objected to when the Mammon-worshippers want to paint the soil of some foreign land with the blood of American boys. It is only when it is adopted by a certain group of Under Dogs as the symbol of their cause that Red becomes dangerous.

Quare?

Sorter.

LETTERS

T. L. CARR, 311 Bluff St., Wichita Falls, Tex.—The Fool-Killer received with many thanks. I have had many a hearty laugh over this paper when I used to take it regularly. It is full of wit, humor and truth. This paper has the right name exactly. If it will kill all the fools the undertakers have got a big job before them. We have a great number of them in this city.

* * * *

N. D. EDWARDS, 918 Third St., Portsmouth, Ohio—I am sending you a few subscriptions to the only thing of its kind that I know of . It is a paper that strikes out and hits everything that is crooked—Church, Politics and Finance—and of course that is the great Trinity here on this earth, and they are surely three in one; not from whence all our blessings flow, however, but practically all our troubles flow from that combination. Of course the Truth is above reproach and needs no condemnation, neither can we condemn it, for it is the only thing that will endure. Here are eleven victims for you to practice on for a year. Send the paper to them promptly, and don't go off on a fishing trip and close up the shop as though you had no responsibilities. I wish you much success.

****

J. T. STROUD, Pink Hill, N. C.—Dear Mr. Pearson:—Your sample copies came, and they reminded me of the light they brought me some years ago ,and I feel that we ought to all help spread the Truth. So I went to work for a club and have secured seven subs for The Fool-Killer.

****

C. F. SMITH, R. 2, Box 56, Haynesville, La.—I am sending you a list of ten names for The Fool-Killer one year, with my own name included. If you will send me some sample copies I think I can get a few more subscribers . I don't expect to do without The Fool-Killer, for I know there is not another paper in the U. S. A. like it. Go after the fools, for they need just what you are giving them. Hope you will get up that debate, and here's one to stand by you.

* * *

W. L. HARCROW, Rochester, Texas.—Dear Mr. Pearson:—I want to show you my appreciation of the things you are going to devote your paper to. On a separate sheet you will find ten names and check to cover. Please enter these on your list for one year. I assure you of my co-operation in the service. As ever, your brother in Christ.

Look Out, Jupiter!

Some day the planet Jupiter is going to reach out and gobble up the earth. So says Prof. W. D. MacMillan of the University of Chicago. Jupiter had better be careful how he gobbles up this little old earth. He must have a cast-iron stomach if he would even want to swallow such a mess as this. About five minutes after he got us swallowed you would see old Mister Jupiter double up with a cramp in his belly and begin to yell for the doctor.

I have heard nearly all grades of preachers—the educated and inteligent kind, and the backwoodsy ignorant kind—and I notice that nearly all the "eternal torment" preaching is done by the ignorant jack-leg boobs who boast that they have no "book-larnin'" and don't want any. As they go up the scale of intelligence and education you hear less and less said about "eternal torment." Which is a hopeful sign, at least. Some folks are learning.

The Fool-Killer

Monthly—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

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WHAT WILL THE "PATRIOTS" DO?

The "patriots" have ripped and reared,
And lots of noise produced,
And most vehemently declared
That they will rule the roost.
They've cussed the Socialists a lot,
And cussed the workers, too;
And for the pope they've made it hot:
Now what will the "patriots" do?

They love their country, so they say—
They love its rocks and soil;
They love its slaves who will obey;
They love its coal and oil;
But, oh, they hate a union man,
And, oh, they hate a Jew;
So tell me truly if you can—
Now what will the "patriots" do?

The "radicals" of Mexico
Have stole the "patriots" dope;
They've told the Catholics to go,
And they've defied the pope.
So in this fight on Mex's ground—
This anti-papal stew—
Where will the Kluckerites be found?
And what will the "patriots" do?

They cannot take a middle stand
And on the fence-top perch;
To Calles they must lend a hand,
Or rally to the church.
They've got to side with Labor's hope,
That they've cussed black and blue;
Or turn and bow before the pope:
Now what will the "patriots" do?

—James Larkin Pearson.

TOOT! TOOT! GETTIN' UP STEAM!

Well, boys, my blood is getting warmed up now, and The Fool-Killer is going to be warmer than the weather from this on. I ain't been exerting myself very much for the past few months, knowing that it was a dull time anyway. And for that matter, it is going to be dull times right along till we wake up and change the times. And that is exactly what is going to happen about the next thing you know. The well-fed "upper crust" is still asleep, but the common people are waking up in a hurry. They are hungry for the facts about how they are being humbugged with bogus "reforms" and counterfeit "prosperity," and The Fool-Killer proposes to dish up the facts in its own home-spun way and serve 'em hot.

Where are we at?
How did we get here?
Where are we going?

These are the questions that the people are asking, and they are not going to be satisfied with anything but the truth. The Fool-Killer has ideas about all these things, and it is getting just in the temper now to express them without any frills, or fandangles, or sugar-coating. Possibly they might be of interest to you and your folks. Better pass the word around and give everybody a chance.

MAD ABOUT IT! WOW!

The plain, bare-faced, bald-headed, tom-fool idiocy of the war-making system has once has once more been clearly demonstrated by the gigantic explosion of the naval arsenal at Lake Denmark, New Jersey.

That great store-house of dormant hell was struck by lightning not long ago, and all all the pent-up wrath of $87,000,000 worth of high explosives was turned loose on the neighborhood. Gigantic sheils were hurled for miles to burst right in among the helpless population, and the explosions shook the earth for a long distance.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away it was found that 22 people had been killed and many more injured, besides a money loss of nearly a hundred million dollars.

Well, what of it? The "court of inquiry" says nobody is to blame. It is said that when the war closed suddenly Uncle Sam had on his hands a great surplus of munitions which he didn't get to use in killing people. These munitions represented money—sacred dollars—and they were too valuable to dump into the ocean. They must be stored up and kept in the hope that another war could be scared up pretty soon and Uncle Sam could get to use these high explosives in the nice and proper business of killing people.

But as it happened, the powers of nature took a hand in it and set off the blast before the war-gods got ready for it. And so there is a great howl raised and the disappointed war-makers are almost having duck-fits about losing all that good man-killing material and getting only 22 people killed. Why, honey, if it could have been used in the regular, proper and approved way for which it was intended, that amount of explosives could easily have killed 22,000 people, and maybe more. And just to think that they only got a measly 22. I don't blame them for being mad about it. Do you?

Where Is Billy Bonehead?

One lone correspondent has inquired about Billy Bonehead's sudden disappearance. Well, Billy just went to Florida and dropped from sight. I haven't heard a word from him since that last letter I printed. He was expecting to get rich very suddenly, and he probably got so rich that he joined the plute class and lost all interest in us common folks. I guess he is driving a Packard or a Caddilac now, instead of a Ford skeeter, and I guess his Paw and Maw are wearing fine clothes and stepping high. Ain't it a shame?

VISITORS

On Sunday, August 22nd, 1926, me and the old woomern and the baby had some visitors. Out here in our cabin in the woods we had our chairs tilted back against a porch post and were just getting started on a new book.

Along the road a few steps from the house passed cars of all kinds loaded with gay crowds of pleasure seekers. But, mark you, I say they passed. They didn't stop. Not one had stopped at our cabin during the day. They were not expected to stop. Who were we that they should stop to see us? Just two old dull, poke-easy people and a little girl. Nothing of interest to anybody. So they passed.

But along in the early afternoon a big new Hudson hesitated, turned in, and drew up to our door. I saw in the car a tall elderly gentleman, two charming middle-aged ladies and a young man at the wheel. Total strangers. Never saw any of them before.

They saw me on the porch with my book, and one of the ladies, who seemed to be spokesman for the party addressed me:

"Is that Mr. Pearson?" she asked, with a friendly and expectant smile, at the same time throwing open the car door and starting to get out.

"Pearson is my name," sez I, dropping my book and stepping down into the yard.

"Thought I knew you," the speaker continued, extending her hand.

"Where have I met you before?" sez I, sorter puzzled and trying to remember.

"You never met me before," sez the lady, "I knew you by your picture."

By this time they were all out of the car and the lady spokesman was introducing herself and the other members of the party. The tall elderly man was her husband, the young man was her son, and the other lady was her widowed sister. The names don't matter. But they had driven out here from a distant city—nearly a hundred miles—just to see me. Incredible, thinks I to myself. Of what interest am I to anybody in a distant city?

With my very best backwoods manners I led the visitors into my library and found chairs for them. My wife came in and was introduced. The name of a mutual friend was mentioned, and something was said about The Fool-Killer, and suddenly a great light broke in. They were readers of The Fool-Killer and were interested enough to drive nearly a hundred miles into the backwoods to see where the fool stuff is hatched and the fool feller who hatches it.

Well, well! Think of THAT, will you? The idea of ME being the object of such a pilgrimage! I had read about people going to see Elbert Hubbard and other notables. But me? Shucks! That was plum funny. But I am willing to admit that I enjoyed the experience and was mighty glad they had come. Cora and Agnes also enjoyed it, and the visitors hadn't been here more than two minutes until we were old acquaintances. We soon found them to be just our sort of "cranks" and "heretics," and we talked theology, politics, literature, food science, the Mexican situation, and many other things. They were related to the Pearsons, and that called for a session on family history and genealogy.

As the clock struck four they began to think of the long road home. Before going they wanted a bunch of Fool-Killers to hand out, and a copy of my book of poems, and Cora's book. After promising to come again, they were off at a little past four.

To us in our quiet retreat it was an event, and the funniest thing about it is the idea that we were worth coming that far to see.

What was that about making the best mouse-trap and the world making a path to your door? Maybe it applies to Fool-Killers as well as mouse-traps. I shore have made the best Fool-Killer on the market.

NOTICE!

If this paragraph is marked with a RED pencil, it means that your OLD subscription has expired. But if you have lately sent in your renewal, then you may disregard the notice.

GETTING PEELED

Wild and disheveled, watery of eye and trembling of limb, he burst into the dentist's consulting room and addressed the molar merchant in gasping tones:

"Do you give gas here?"

"Yes," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a man to sleep?"

"Of course."

"Nothing would wake him?"

"Nothing. But—"

"Wait a bit ;you could break his jaw or black his eye without him feeling it?"

"My dear sir, of course, I—"

"It lasts about half a minute, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

With a war-whoop of joy and relief the excited man threw off his coat and waist-coat.

"Now," he yelled, as he tugged at his shirt, "get yer gas-engine ready. I want you to pull a porous-plaster off my back.

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A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

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When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order, or check to cover same, and your own name and address as club sender, is enough. But remember this: Please do not send poorly or carelessly written lists, as they are very difficult to make out, and if we cannot make them out correctly the subscribers will not get their papers. Always have the lists typewriten if possible, and in case you cannot do that, please print out the names and addresses in printing letters with pen or pencil. This is very important.

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Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Let's Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

No poor Richard has any business running for office in Pennsylvania.

A heathen probably couldn't tell one denomination from another just by listening to the rows.

IDIOTORIALS

Mexico is a bumblebee in the Pope's petticoat.

Anyhow, Republican politics in Illinois would seem to be thoroughly Insull-ated.

If I get it right, it seems the final "I" in Mr. Insull's name should be changed to a "t."

In Europe our well-known initials "U. S." have come to mean "Uncle Shylock." And it ain't so far wrong at that.

When a ten thousand dollar job is bid off at two million, there is something rotten up the creek.

The question as to the European debt settlement seems to have simmered down to this: Shall American cancel the debts, or just not get the money?

The Illinois Republicans were very unfortunate in the name of the man who furnished the money. It was so easy for Mr. Insull to become an Insult. Which he promptly did.

The Methodists are also saying that if Europe would only adopt prohibition it could soon pay its debt to America. If prohibition is such a great thing, maybe America ought to try it.

Mussolini declares that he is not a Bolshevist. One more credit mark for the Bolshevists. To know that they are not connected in any way with Mussolini must be a great relief to them.

There seems to be some sort of a paper agreement between Uncle Sam and Mexico which is called the Warren-Payne agreement. Wait a minute. Lemme see. Warren-Payne. War-and-Pain. Now you know.

President Coolness explains that business is on the up-grade. Oh, that's it, is it? I was wondering why we poor folks were having such a hard pull. Up-grade is certainly right, but we don't seem to get any higher.

It is supposed to be the business of doctors to cure sickness, and, if possible, to banish disease from the earth. But if they should succeed in doing so they would at the same time banish their profession and work themselves out of a job. Don't worry. The doctors can be depended on to let enough sickness exist to provide themselves with rich picking.

When I talk about being guided by my reason and common sense, the orthodox brethren butt in and say, "Oh, you can't do that! Your human reason will lead you astray. You must deny your own reason and common sense and believe what WE say." And then they go on and give me a great string of REASONS why this is so. They take the liberty to use THEIR reason (such as it is) but I mustn't use mine. I wonder why?

OH, SHAW! OH, SHAW!

Stop!
Look!
Listen!

Here is another shining example of how the pot-bellied plucrats, "pay-try-its" and reactionaries try to gag and muzzle every person who dares to defy their lordly rule. If your head has got anything in it that might do to think with, now is the time to use it.

You have probably read or heard of Shakespeare, and maybe the names of John Milton and Alfred Tennyson are not entirely unknown to you. Well, if you know those great men of the past, you certainly ought to know George Bernard Shaw, who is now living, and who is the equal of any of them in literary genius and permanent fame.

George Bernard Shaw has been a leading literary man of England ever since I can remember. I have watched him grow and ripen and take his place among the immortals. He is a great thinker, a great writer, and (in spite of his so-called egotism) a great-hearted friend of humanity. Wherever and whenever the "under-dog" has needed a friend, George Bernard Shaw has been that friend . He has not allowed his literary fame to draw him into the stuck-up ranks of plutocracy and money aristocracy. He has remained true to the common people, and has often said things that didn't set well on the stomachs of the high-and-mighty tin-gods of plutocratic mis-rule.

Well, this same George Bernard Shaw, the equal of Shakespeare, is now an old man. On the 26th day of July past he celebrated his 70th birthday. As many of his friends and admirers as could get together met and had a big occasion. It was known that G. B. S. would talk to those present, and it was expected that his remarks would be sent out by radio so that millions could hear. That was the plan. But the plan had been made without consulting the "powers that be."

What? Would anybody dare object to letting the world's greatest literary man broadcast a speech on his 70th birthday? You're mighty right they would! They were afraid Shaw might tell some unpleasant truths about things as they are. He might say something "dangerous" to the interests of bossism. So the word was handed down from on high that G. B. S. could not broadcast his speech unless he would agree to avoid any reference to "controversial subjects." Now, of course, "controversial subjects" were the very things Shaw wanted to talk about, and of course he couldn't make any such agreement.

As might have been expected, that sorter got Shaw's dander up. He rose to his full height before the audiance, clenched his big hairy fist, and sailed in. And, believe me, what he said about the narrow-minded, short-sighted and pinch-gutted policy of the plutes was a gracious plenty.

His words were not allowed to go on the air, of course, but they went on paper mighty quick, and the paper carried them to the ends of the earth. The result was that the speech got ten times more circulation and a hundred times more notice than if they had allowed him to broadcast.

Thus, once more, the "pay-try-its" and "saviors" of Capitalism defeated their own purpose and got a world-wide cussing-out by the man they tried to muzzle.

Goody!

When the party managers agree in their large-minded way that they are going to ignore petty differences, it means that they are going to dodge the main point, if possible.

PEARSON'S POEMS

A book containing the complete collected poems of James Larkin Pearson has been advertised in this paper for the past two years. Many copies have been sold ,and the edition is getting down toward the end. Still, however, there must be a good many readers of The Fool-Killer who have not yet ordered the book, but who have intended to order it sooner or later. To these, and to all others, I wish to say that it isn't safe to wait. You may wait too long and not get it at all. So I advise all who want Pearson's Poems to order now, before the supply gives out.

The book contains over 300 poems, covering a wide range of subjects and handled as only Pearson can handle them. About 375 pages, 6x9, printed on heavy book paper and nicely bound in dark green cloth with title in gold. Portrait of author and complete index. Weighs nearly two pounds. Price $2.10 postpaid.

The later poems of James Larkin Pearson are now being published in the New York Times, the biggest daily newspaper in America.

He is listed in "Who's Who in American Poetry" and represented in several Anthologies .

He is recognized by Edwin Markham, Clement Wood, Olive Tilford Dargan, Samuel Loveman, and many leading poets and critics, as one of the important poets of the country.

The late Walter H. Page said: "James Larkin Pearson is a genius."

Frank L. Stanton says: "His work in the poetical line has made his name a household word."

The Literary Editor of the New York Times says: "James Larkin Pearson has both power and imagination and he certainly knows how to write poetry."

Clement Wood says: "I have read Pearson's poems with interest and at times a touch of wondering delight. He strikes at times harmonies which would ring well in any poetry."

Samuel Loveman says: "If I were asked to name a handful of American lyrics entitled to certain and assured immortality, I would name James Larkin Pearson's 'Homer in a Garden.' "

$2.10 postpaid. Send your order at once to

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON, WILKESBORO, N. C.

FREE VERSE

It's just the free-est, I contend,
That I have ever seen;
Free from merit at each end
And all the way between.

Free from space and free from time—
Its freedom is intense;
Free from measure, free from rhyme,
And free from common sense.

Free from music, free from song,
And free from beauty, too;
It just goes rambling along
With nothing else to do.

Free from feet, and free from joint;
Not even got a toe;
Free from any starting point
Or anywhere to go.

Free from readers, free from fame,
And free from memory's urn;
And may it go back whence it came,
And nevermore return.

—James Larkin Pearson.

"RAW-HIDE REFORM"

This-here old Tar-Heel State has lately been in the limelight because of a "chain-gang scandal" in Stanley County, where one Cranford, a chain-gang boss, was tried for killing two prisoners by beating and other forms of cruelty. He was found "not guilty" of the killings, but the court testimony brought to light such a shameful condition of abuse and barbarous treatment of prisoners as to make the entire State hang its head in shame.

Not only in Stanley county, but in various other counties of North Carolina, the "chain-gang" has become a public disgrace, and of all people in the State, the chain-gang "bosses" are the ones who ought to wear the chains and tote the whippings.

It seems that the people we call criminals have been jerked up and hand-cuffed and turned over to a gang of heartless ruffians who are ten times meaner than the average chain-gang prisoner. And this sort of thing has been going on for years.

I am not holding up for crime of any sort, and I admit that when people commit crimes there ought to be some reasonable way of making them sorry for it and inducing them to do better.

But who believes that a criminal was ever reformed by abuse? I don't. It only makes them worse. Take a man or boy who has made one mis-step—maybe the first one—and in all probability he isn't very bad at heart. With wise and proper treatment he might reform and become a useful citizen. But turn him over to a brutal and inhuman "chain-gang boss" and let him be cussed and kicked and whipped with a raw-hide every day in the year, and what will be the result? The prisoner will soon be convinced that the world is "down on him," and that he hasn't any friends, and he will become soured and embittered against the government and against society, and if he happens to live his term out he will be ten times meaner and more dangerous than when he went there.

On the other hand, you take the same "criminal" and treat him sorter half-way decent — show him that the State needs him and wants him to reform; that he will still be appreciated and rewarded for right doing, and nine times out of ten he will make a man.

What we need in North Carolina and all over these Benited States is a total junking of our cussed prison system and the introduction of Ben Lindsey methods in handling the violators of of law.

In the above remarks I refer to the "common criminal"—the poor devil who makes a mistake and gets into trouble. But when it comes to the big rich and "respectable" criminals in official positions and high life—that is another story.

Club Rates

In Clubs of Five or more, 15c

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every state in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, WILKESBORO, N. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

Albuquerque, N. M.
August 25, 1926.

Mr. J. L. Pearson,
Editor of The Fool-Killer,
Wilkesboro, N. C.
Dear Mr. Editor:—

I received your samples yesterday, the 24th, and this morning I sent you a postal money order for a bundle of five copies in one wrapper. I have heart trouble and can not get around much. I can send out copies to my friends with marked articles. I enjoyed very much your article entitled: "What About Crazy and Idiotic Souls?" Mr. Editor, I find too many Church people that pray to God for his Kingdom (government) to come to earth, as it is in Heaven and then they vote with the devil to keep hell on earth. A prayer of that kind is an insult to God for surely he knows the prayer does not mean what he says, or asks for. Mr. Editor, I have learned how to reason and your paper—The Fool-Killer—is good brain food.

Yours respectfully,
CHAS. A. BYRD.

You can say one good thing for money. It talks only when it is leaving.

In this country it's hard to tell whether it's a shot o ra blow-out. Over in Italy they never know whether it is Mount Vesuvius or Mussolini.

It is not difficult to understand the lapse on the part of the printer who in setting up an item about Chicago, made it read "the Crook County jail."

AN ESSAY ON LEADERSHIP

Because ninety-nine men can be followers only, the hundredth man must be a leader. Often he gets his position of leadership not so much by virtue of his own superiority as by reason of the inferiority of others. In a land where all is on a dead level, any little knoll or chance elevation is a mountain.

Leadership is of two general kinds—the popular and the unpopular, the immediate and the remote.

The popular leader — be his field politics, religion, literature, or what not, is the man who is just in front of his crowd, or possibly in the midst of it. He never travels far in advance of his people, but always stays right with them. His genius consists in having found out which way the crowd is going, and then putting himself at the head of the column. He has not mapped out any course for himself which must be followed at all hazards. On the other hand, he is willing to go wherever the crowd goes, and change his course whenever the crowd changes; but he must have the foresight to see the public trend a little before the public itself can see it, and thus he is able to run ahead and take the credit for being a very wise man.

That sort of popular leader is most often found in politics. He has the gift of gab, and because he tells the people what they already think, and tells it better than they could, he is looked upon as a mighty man of wisdom. It is so easy to make people believe what they already believe. He will, if possible, leave the impression that he thought it all out for himself and mapped the course from his own mind, but he knows well enough that he did no such thing. He never dares to set his sails until he sees which way the wind is going to blow. But so long as his followers don't catch on he is safe.

Such a leader's genius is no different in quality from that of his constituents. He has the common mind of those around him, but has it in greater degree. He acts as a mirror for his people and they see themselves reflected in him. Thus he is to them the greatest man at all, because he reflects more of their common images than any other man. If his constituents, in the mass, have some pet prejudice or some peculiar mental quirk or complex, he must discover that fact ahead of time and adopt all such things for his own. Such a leader may tell his followers what to believe, but he must be sure it is something that they ALREADY believe. See the point?

In a word, the popular leader is just the sum total of all the people who follow him. Not one of his followers can show the DEGREE of talent that he possesses; but take them all together—sift out the talent that they ALL have—and it just about equals his.

Now the UNPOPULAR leader is just the opposite. He travels the road that the big crowd will EVENTUALLY travel, but he is so far ahead that very few can keep up with him. He is not concerned with what the people think today, but what they WILL think some time in the future when they have become wiser than they are now. He doesn't try to tell the people what they ALREADY believe, but rather what they OUGHT to believe. His genius is not the common genius of the people at any given time, but entirely a different thing, a far superior thing. It has in it the qualities of high courage and far vision and takes no account of which way the wind is blowing today. Such a man would rather be right than popular—would rather be honest than applauded. He is the raw material out of which heroes and martyrs are made. He is more interested in leading the world in the right direction than he is in merely being a leader. And since the world has no desire to be led in the right direction, such a leader is bound to be unpopular, and he is bound to have only a limited following—at present. And yet in the course of time the world (which now scorns his leadership) will follow right along in his tracks.

SORTER MIXED UP

A young bride asked her husband to copy off a radio receipt which she wanted. He did his best, but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning exercises and the other the receipt. This is what he took down:

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a seive. Exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl.

"Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe natuarally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

The adjective in "cheap politics" doesn't refer to the amount of money it takes.

It is rather surprising to note that Mussolini has permitted some one else to have his picture on the postage stamp.

PROGRESS, PROGRESS!

I have heard that word "progress" so much here lately that I am getting plum sick of it. The word itself is all right, and progress of the right sort is a good thing . But the word has been so badly abused by the professional log-rollers of Big Biz that I can't help turning sorter sick at the gizzard every time I hear it.

All the bonehead newspapers of United Babbitry are eternally yawping about the phenomenal "progress" that is being made in this, that and the other. And every upstart Rotarian rooter for the god of Material Bigness is continually spouting his cut-and-dried spiel about "progress."

You never did hear the like. And the whole idea seems to be that if we as a nation or as individuals can do something or produce something of a monstrous overgrown physical size, we have a right to strut and brag and look down with pitying scorn on the rest of God's creation.

If we can produce more billionaries than the world ever saw before; if we can rear taller skyscrapers and build bigger sweat-shops, hotels, churches, banks and prisons; if we can organize bigger trusts and combines and get bigger armies of slaves to doing time for rich masters; if we can put over bigger "developments" and get bigger crowds of half-witted fools to rang-tanging around "boom" resorts where sin stalks at midday and decency is forgotten—oh, if we can just do such "big" things as that, then we are making "progress' to beat the very Old Scratch.

These wild-eyed snorting apostles of the god of Bigness never stop to ask whether all their "big" things are worth the room they take up in God's world. They never stop to consider that mere "bigness' can easily become a curse rather than a blessing. As the feller said about the boil on his neck, it may be a big thing and yet not be anything to brag about.

Unless we can get goodness and usefulness and permanent value along with our "big" things, it seems to me that we had just as well be satisfied with smaller things and better things.

Here's how it rattles in my soap-gourd: The more monstrous overgrown big things we have, the less we are apt to have [illegible] of those finer and better things which cannot be measured in material bulk. The big coarse jungle growth of material things is sure to smother out the delicate and fragrant flowers of mind and heart—those things that really have a permanent value when given a chance to grow.

Gather up all your captains of industry, all your masters of great wealth, all your plungers and high-flyers, and see how many of them care anything about music, poetry or flowers; about a butterfly or a bird's nest; about a sunset or a babbling brook. Mighty few. They are all buried alive in "bigger" things — things that represent dollars and power.

Here in North Carolina, as in Florida and elsewhere, we are having gigantic "developments," and those who have money are swaggering and splurging to beat the band. They are pretending that their activities constitute the sum-total of human existence and that nothing else matters . But other things do matter. Buried and smothered under this great Juggernaut of "progress' is a world of poverty, sin and suffering; of hungry hearts and starved minds — a world submerged and sick and without hope. The "big" things do not satisfy the common people who have no part in them. They only cause dissatisfaction and disappointment.

They tell us that we have great "prosperity" in this country, and maybe we have. There is plenty of work, and plenty of activity and restless running around. Most of the folks are trying to put on a gay front and bluff it out. But if you could take off the lid and look down into the homes and hearts of the American masses today, you would find more suffering and sorrow, more blasted hopes and bitter fears, than ever existed before.

And yet there is a bright side to the dark picture—if it could only be seen. But Big Church, Big Politics and Big Biz have conspired to keep the common people in the dark, so that they will be humble and obediant slaves.

MISTER INSULT

For pity's sake! I just want you to rub your lookers and take one good squint at this. Here is the story of the Senatorial Primaries in Illinios.

A multi-millionarie named Samuel Insull (but whose name should now be changed to Insult) is the boss of the great utility interests in that state, and he proposes to own the next Senator from Illinois no matter which party wins.

So Mr. Insult went ahead and shelled out his thousands and tens of thousands for each of the candidates. He gave more to Smith, the Republican candidate, than he did to Brennan, the Democrat, for the reason that he thought Smith was the safer gamble. But he took care to shell out a good pile for both, and now it makes no difference which wins, Mr. Insult will own the Honorable Senator, and the Honorable Senator will do just whatever Mr. Insult wants done. And of course Mr. Insult will want the Honorable Senator to "take care of his little interests."

Doggon! That's the modern approved way to do it. If you want the government run in your special interest, just buy up both sets of candidates before the election and tell the voters they may go to Hel—ena, Montana.

And our guess is that the next war Europe engages in will have to be a cheap one.

STRANGE BED-FELLOWS

Wow!

Hoo-ee!

Ge-whillikins!

What a Benjamin's mess of strained relations and cross purposes has developed out of the Mexican situation! What a wild and wooly jumble of odd birds are flocking together, and what momentous realignments of fighting forces!

I just want you to hush, as Tom Watts says.

In the first place, the present government of Mexico is a Labor government—to all intents and purposes a Socialist government. The workers are in control. President Calles is himself a Socialist. Put that down in your book and don't forget it.

Next on the program, let me remind you that the Roman Catholic church is and always has been the dominant religious body in Mexico. The Pope and the priests have run things with a high hand and kept the people enslaved and ignorant. It is to the church's financial and political interest for that state of affairs to continue.

Now let's leave Mexico a minute and come back to the land of Uncle Sam—"Uncle Shylock," as they say in Europe. Behold here the Ku Klux Klan, composed of 237 per cent Americans and swearing vengeance against the Catholics, the Jews, the niggers, the Socialists, and all "durned radicals." Pick up some of the Klucker papers and read the thundering denouncements against the Pope and his toe-kissers, and then read the nasty jabs at the labor leaders and Socialism.

Pay particular attention to the fact that the Republican party claims the Klan as its very own sugar-baby, while the bulk of the Catholic strength is in the Democratic party. Mark well and remember that the present reigning president of this wet Sahara was elected by the Klucker vote, in spite of all that the Catholics could do. By every rule of reason this government is supposed to stand with the 237 per cent "patriotic" Kluckers, and against the encroachments of the Catholic machine.

Heretofore it hasn't been conceded that there is any place in the patriotic arena for the radicals and Socialists. They are merely outcasts, along with the Catholics, the Jews and the niggers. In the very nature of the case a "patriot" must oppose anything that a "durned radical" stands for.

Now stop and let the above information soak in a minute. Do you get the situation? Have you carefully noted the positions of the various fighting forces in relation to each other?

All right.

Sit perfectly still.

Look pleasant, please.

I am going to turn the crank and show you the rest of the picture.

Look! There comes the Labor and Socialistic government of Mexico, and about the first thing it [illegible] to dig up an old forgotten law by which it can put the screws on the Roman Catholic dragon and either drive it out of the land or make it harmless. The first shot in the Anti-Catholic fight echoed around the world, and the Pope over in Rome answered with his meanest threats of what he and God would do to Mexico.

But the fight is on, and for the present, at least, the Mexican government seems to have the best of it. The issue is plainly drawn. It is honest labor fighting for its rights against a dishonest and treacherous foe which tries to hide behind the skirts of Almighty God. That's how it is at the battle-front.

But what about our friends, the Kluckers, here in Kal Kooldige's Kountry? All signs indicate that this Republican Klucker govenrment is going to spin right around on its heel and go to fighting for the Pope. It must either do that or it must back up the Labor and Socialist government of Mexico. Wouldn't it be funny to read in a Republican Klucker paper an editorial praising the Pope? And wouldn't it be still funnier to read in that same paper a nice little sugar-coated piece telling what fine fellers them "durned radicals" have got to be all at once?

Tee-hee-hee! It tickles me. The doggon radicals in Mexico have stolen a big chunk of the Klucker's patriotic thunder, and now whichever horn of the dilemma the Kluckers try to straddle it is going to be mighty rough riding.

DON'T LET 'EM "EUCHRE" YOU

Speaking of that recent "Eucharistic Congress" which the pappycrats pulled off in Chicago, What-a-noise, here is another thought that has been roosting on the door-step of my thinkery for the past few weeks.

"Eucharist" has a sound sorter like "Euchre," which means some sort of a card game. The word carries with it the idea of gambling and cheating. I seem to remember having heard about people being "cuchred" out of things.

I reaches up and pulls down my old Noah Webster, and I sez to him, sez I:

"Looky here, Noah ,what does the word 'euchre' mean?"

Old Noah sorter grins and sez, sez-ze:

"Why, it means to check, to outwit, to defeat; to get something by trickery ,or words to that effect."

There we have it. The pappycrats are trying to "euchre" us out of what little remnant of liberty we have left—trying to "euchre" us into giving them the reins of government in this country. That's what their "Eucharistic Congress" means when you sift it right down to the bottom.

It seems to be Republicans all the time who are spending so many millions for senate seats. What's the matter? Ain't the Democrats got no money?